



THE
SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS

PARAPHRASTICALLY IMITATED,

AND

ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

WITH A

P R E F A C E.

*Nos agere hæc Patriæ tempore iniquo
Possumus æquo animo, nec
Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.*

LUCRETIVS, Lib. I.

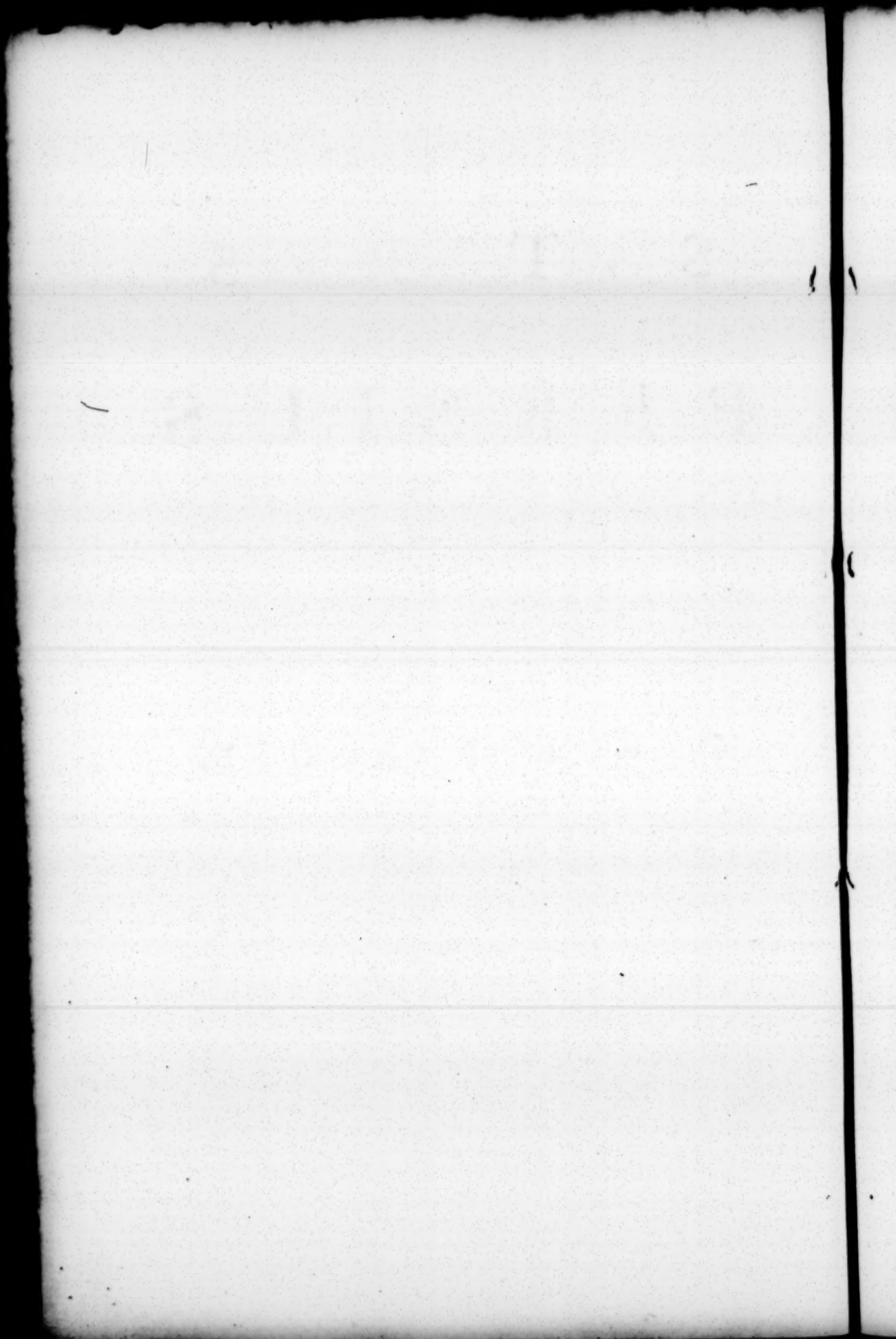
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*,

By T. SPILSBURY, *Snowhill*.

M D C C L X X I X.

9.



MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Si taceat Vates, Marmor loquetur.

TEARS from a Nation's eye to Merit flow,
And the soul heaves with sympathetic woe :
CHATHAM our Guide, our Guardian, and our Boast,
To Wisdom, Glory, to his *Country* lost ;
Pride of his moments, *Passion* of his breast :
This Marble, foe to Flatt'ry, speaks the rest ;
Speaks the bold Statesman, whose pervading heart
Tore from each trait'rous front the mask of Art ;
His arm of vengeance rear'd to shield a Throne,
His care a People, and their cause his own.

Clos'd is the curious Eye, the list'ning Ear,
Suspicion slumbers, till awak'd by Fear ;

a

Earth's

Earth's hostile Empires mourn Destruction's scene :
His Thunders echo from a sky serene.

Each Word, fair Eloquence, thy Vestal Flame,
Truth hurl'd the dart, Corruption was its aim ;
Each Thought was Goodness on a loftier plan,
Each Deed th' Ambition—and the Grace of Man.

For THEE, (and Prudence check thy wayward zeal !)
A Friend's in CHATHAM's loss be Thine to feel ;
Too long a Captive sunk on Mis'ry's bed,
For Thine, and Britain's love he lifts his head ;
His *last* note pants for Britain, and for Thee,
He moan'd a DAUGHTER, and He wish'd her Free :
Attend !—nor His, nor Reason's lore oppose,
Thine are his Country's Friends, and Thine her Foes.

EDWARD BURNABY GREENE.

Grosvenor-Place,
May 12, 1778.

A R G U M E N T

ON THE

AMERICAN CONTEST.

PROLIX Reasonings upon political subjects are best adapted to the loquacity of those, who *professing* abuse *the Laws*; those Laws, which they are *hir'd*, or (more softly speaking) *retain'd* to protect. Truth * is the Den of Polypheme, with too many hiding-places for the knavish purposes of these Ithacans. The British War with the Colonies is a War of Speculation; a War of false Logic corruptedly varnish'd by legal, or more properly illegal Sophistry.

The Colonies of America were primarily establish'd by Charters, either similar, or varying in circum-

* Homer's Odyssey.

stances from the disposition of Things at the respective periods, when they were granted. These CHARTERS were granted by the *Crown*; an Authority *there* vested by the other legislative Estates. The form of internal regulation in these Settlements is primarily adjusted by the Sovereign on the one hand solely as to the *appointment* of Governor, or more generally as to *that* of various subordinate Officers (for different Powers have been reserv'd in different Colonies!) and by the Colonists at large on the other. Some consideration is moreover reserv'd to the Crown, and specify'd in every Charter, payable during the term limited; this consideration flows from the idea of Territorial Property alone, which property is thus granted under conditions to certain Individuals.

The smallest intrusion on the boundaries affix'd is equally a violation of Right in King, or Colonist. Forfeiture is annex'd to a trespass in the latter; and it cannot on any Rule of Equity be allow'd, that in a similar case the former may be exculpated; against such criminality the honor of a Prince, the dignity of his Crown, the faith of his Subjects, the very constitution of the State are Guarantees.

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An Act of the whole Legislature attempts to enforce an Authority, alien from, and inconsistent with a subsisting Contract formally executed between King and Colonies. How can any one of the Three Estates clear itself from the imputation of a Breach of Contract? The Parliament (of which, as Executive Power of the *State*, the Sovereign is the Head) grants an Authority to the Crown; the Sovereign in consequence enters into a separate Agreement with Individuals, binding himself by legal Instruments. The Sovereign cannot revoke his own Act, less directly the Act of the general Legislative Capacity. Add to this, that the Crown must be imply'd to defeat its own Act, by sanctifying an opposite pass'd by the whole Three Estates.

It will be urg'd, that the Act of Navigation adjusting the commercial intercourse between the Mother-Country, and the Colonies, was pass'd subsequently to the dates of the several Charters, and that to an acquiescence with this Act the Colonists are bound. I deny it not, and maintain, that they must be so. The primary Connection respects territorial possession; but the Nation has likewise her claim to America as a

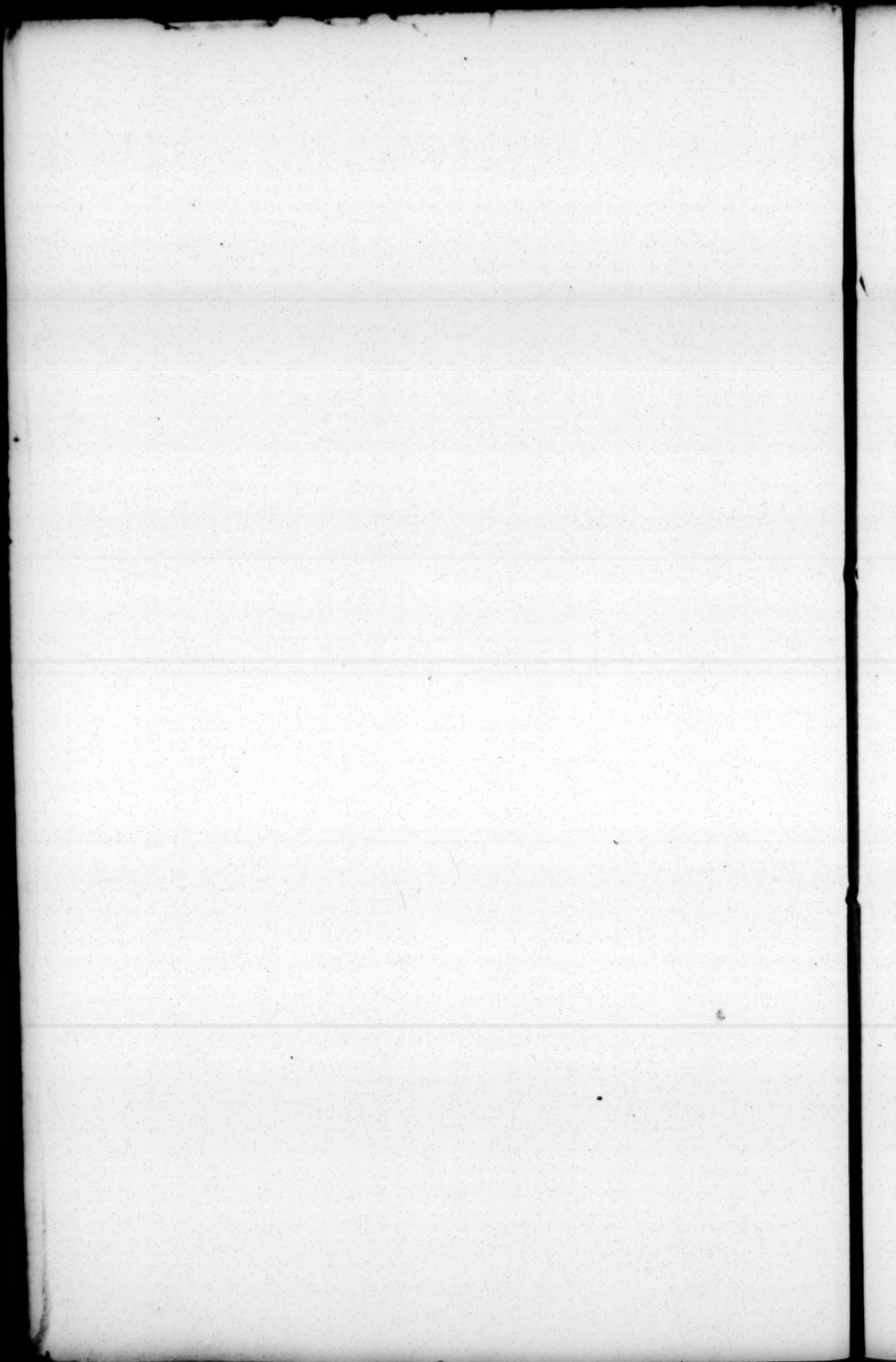
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portion

portion of her Empire : an unwritten, and self-inherent principle of Government. A political Constitution necessarily implies Union with its several Members, in those points, productive of Emolument to the Mother-Country, without any infringement of those internal regulations under which their property, and peace, have been already authoritatively secur'd. Such Contract between State and Colony may be construed a Contract '*in Re*;' that between Crown and Colony, '*de Facto*.' The Colonists must, as originally establish'd, be concluded to have virtually acquiesc'd in a submission to every *future* plan of *external* security and improvement to the Mother-Country. Commerce is the great link in the Chain, which binds this *Country* to her remoter Settlements. An unlimited and exclusive preference of her market to those of other Nations is nothing more than her reasonable expectation. To regard Strangers beyond those, from whom our existence is deriv'd, is a Solecism in political, no less than in moral reasoning. Sages have argued, that the Colonies have receiv'd various injuries from the *oppressiveness* of Clauses *injoin'd* in the Act of Navigation.

Nothing surely may be construed into oppression, which tends to the completion of a Right. This Act
was

was merely an explanation of the specific Channel thro' which the Benefits of the mutual constitutional *Alliance* should hereafter be convey'd; and no other could legally contribute to *its* support. But no Argument may justify the arrogation of Independence by subject Colonies; it is indeed an express dereliction of a Right to protection from the Mother-State. In vain will they alledge, that they were compell'd to such a step, derogatory from their Interests, as incompatible with their Constitution. It may perhaps be humanely attributed to the effects of Despondence; though more reasonably adjudged to the *Passions* of Mankind. But here

‘ ———ruit Oceano Nox.’ *Virg. Æn.*



P R E F A C E.

IN the several editions of our Author, his Satires are usually preceded by those of Juvenal; an intimation at least, that the Critics attribute a superior portion of Merit to the latter, unless it be concluded, that the compliment has arisen from the larger size of his remaining works*.

It has been already asserted, that Persius deserves not a comparison with Horace his predecessor, and with Juvenal who succeeded him in the walk of SATIRE. It may be expected, that I should explain the principles of my opinion.

* See Preface to the 'Satires of Juvenal paraphrastically imitated:' second Edition, 1764.

This

This opinion is not founded upon the obscurity of Persius in point either of diction, or reflection; but upon an heterogeneous mixture of phraseology, in the adoption of words derived from the Grecian idiom, at a period when that language was little possessed of its ancient purity. The Roman tongue, it may likewise be remembered, had considerably degenerated in the course of those *few* years, which had elapsed from its perfection in the æra of Augustus. The discordant union of so opposite languages necessarily under these circumstances creates a stiffness in the communication of sentiments; verbal insertions, the least classical, being more constantly selected; and why? because such are more familiar to the Age of the Writer. When the Augustan Authors, and those who flourished in the days immediately preceding, dug for these verbal treasures in the mines of Greece, they collected unadulterated ore; their works thereby receive a genuine lustre; they are elegance without effeminacy, and sublimity without bombast. I will however not scruple to assert, that a portion of harshness characterizes the string of Roman Satirists, whose productions have reached posterity. Horace in his Odes, and the same Genius in his Satiric compositions, write a very
different

different language. The Poet in the last is absorbed into the Cenfor; happily for his memory, not into the CYNIC. The mixture above condemn'd influences *even* those reflections of morality interspersed throughout the remains of Persius. Moral sayings possess from their conveyance in the vehicle of POETRY a beauty more complete; but the versification must be easy, and yet dignify'd, and the expression perspicuous, and chaste. Morality in the mental system, as lightening that streams amid the war of elements, will force a passage to the heart of an intelligent examiner; yet attraction once experienc'd must continue; obstructions in the first instance are injurious to the reputation of *a Writer*; and we well know, as to the latter, how fatal a deviation, attempted from the course of its *direct line*, has ever been to the life, or to the property of the Man.

But Persius may be indebted in some measure for his Crabbedness to his education in the principles of Stoicism. The Stoic is by no means a legitimate offspring of poetic Fancy, as he is but little that of solid Philosophy. By the way it may be concluded, that our Author would be better understood, if due enquiries were made into his censures of
those

those various Sects, which certainly abounded in the æra of his existence. I cannot avoid a thought, that he often less directly alludes to other Sects; probably to every one in its turn opposing his favorite Stoicism.

Such however as the *general* Heathen systems of Philosophy, (and I mean not to exclude a single one of the Greek, or Roman Schools) may I have the liberty to ask, whether a possession of them united with the gift of poetical enthusiasm is familiarly experienc'd? To the great Tully we may appeal. The Augustan Writers with *Lucretius in their van may be alledged to plead in favour of Epicurism; but the careless tenets influencing the careless principles, and manners of its professors, little entitle it to the character of a studied deliberate Philosophy; it may even be surmised, that its foundations were lay'd in Poetry; for no Philosophical conception surely could have been better adapted to the flaunting fancy of the BARD than the first grand dogma of the Epicu-

* Lucretius is most confessedly a Poet, in those parts of his Reasoning-Romance which are least of a philosophical cast.

reans, the annihilation of the soul, when the body perish'd !

Some tribute may reasonably be indulg'd to the moral Orator of Rome. The defects of his philosophical arguments may be aton'd for from his determin'd zeal of investigation; *his* errors are virtues, when compar'd with the partial enquiries, and caviling obstinacy of his predecessors in the same labors, and of the same government : but Christianity was assign'd by Providence to exalt herself upon the *ruins* of profane Establishments.

The Stoïc Philosopher of the *ominous name is sufficiently known as preceptor of Persius. That Letters more essentially triumphed in the reign of Augustus, it requires but a slender comment to ascertain ; nor is it less obvious, that Epicurism had prevailed over *Stoïcism*, which *virtually* made its professor a Suicide, even during life. Upon the decease of that Emperor, form'd as effectually as any Sovereign has *ever* been to defer the evil hour, which almost instantly display'd the in-

* Cornutus, to whom the third Satire is address'd which there are reasons to induce a reader to place the first.

herent degeneracy of the State, the politer Arts received a check; civil subordination gave place to anarchy; *military discipline* became the venal instrument of despotism in a Tyrant, or of faction in the People; a discipline constitutionally (I mean on the ideas of a *free Nation*) calculated for exertions abroad, not for the narrow purposes of discord at home. The dissolution of the Empire was at hand—No prudence at the helm, no settled principles in the public; opposition without interest, and zeal without reason. No wonder, that the *literary* link of that vast chain of Government should have burst in the course of the convulsion; it is rather a subject of astonishment that *some* renovation, as it were, of *Letters* should have been made in the compositions of Juvenal; who is upon the whole as much superior to Persius in a *less disturb'd* purity of diction, as he is inferior to Horace in courtliness of reflection. Dryden ventures to decide the preference of Juvenal over Horace on the *general* management of Satire; Juvenal is undoubtedly most adapted to the disposition of *our English* multifarious Writer.

Yet however Epicurean Libertinism may have been riveted, when Persius flourish'd, in the manners of the
times,

times, the Epicurean Philosophy at that period little cultivated those principles, on which it was originally built. The substance was evaporated, and only a shadow left. Would that the present could not with too much propriety be construed an Age of Epicurism! The *first*, and least exceptionable of the Sect was a true Reasoner, a true Moralist, and a true—I had almost say'd—
 * Christian, compared with many of the dissipated, abandon'd, and profane DEISTS, the disgrace of Society, and the poisoners of Virtue; with WHOM we are now perpetually surrounded. Our times require the steadiness of Stoicism, with an *application* to, not prattling upon national pursuits.

Perfius was a *Stoic Bard*, almost a contradiction in terms; too proud to devote his abilities to an Emperor, unqualify'd, like his predecessor Augustus, to patronize literature by his own example; and the times little permitting the refined exertion of Augustan harmony. They who cultivated the Muses in the days of Perfius

* The doctrine of the soul's dissolution, when the body perished, bears hard against this compliment to Epicurus; let us however palliate his error by observing that his Age was not enlightened by the splendor of Revelation; the precious pearl thrown to our Deist swine, and it has been vilified accordingly.

seem to have characteriz'd themselves by those harsher turns of occasional expression, abounding certainly in none so materially as in himself. Lucan, had he written in the period of Augustus, would have been from *courtly* encouragement a Genius of the highest order. He is great amidst his imperfections : a majestic ruin at the worst !

Thus far the Crabbedness of our Satirist has demanded attention ! It remains only to be added, that no inconsiderable part of Juvenal's eminence is derived from the precision, with which he most clearly delivers his moral adages. It is impossible not to comprehend them in the full force, which they were intended to convey. No improper, and no extravagant compliment *surely* to ONE, whom I confess to be a Favorite, but in whose, or in any other man's behalf I never will submit a sentiment, which I cannot from *conviction* adopt.

The obscurity of Persius, where he really is obscure, has a direct connection with the harshness above commented. The use of nervous, but inelegant words derived from the customs of an Age, not preserved to
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us in a form so unquestionable, as to facilitate a more perfect knowledge of our Author's meanings; civil characters criticiz'd, which are now utterly unknown; and literary, or rather illiterate ones, whose verses are deservedly condemned; but perhaps above all, the erroneous conjectures, and dogmatic allegations of modern Grammarians, who, whatever their merits in many other points, too frequently, as in their strictures upon Persius, *labor* an opinion* by way of elucidation, till they cast a midnight over passages, almost obvious
at

* Such phlegmatic Commentators may, not inconsistently, pronounce our Author the Lycophron of the Romans; let them enjoy the idea of a strong resemblance, where not a single feature is alike. (1) It is with some concern, that I observe a Critic of that polished language adopted in most countries of Europe to be thus frolicsome, and fantastic, degrading serious animadversions with 'aniles fabellæ' of legendary chit-chat relative to the
volumes

(1) First Tome of 'Conférences du Bureau d'Adresse,' where it is whimsically asserted that these 'Volumes are little known to us *out of envy* [a];' the truth is, that they are known, and esteem'd, as much as their value deserves, by every one intelligent in that sort of application.

[a] A very complacent method of comforting those whose works have been unfavorably receiv'd! I would recommend a similar slash of Self-applause to Mr.-Holwell, who has to his dishonor as a *Writer*, a Philosopher, and a *Man*, wantonly attempted to erect the Babel of Indian vagaries, those most fantastic impertinences of Enthusiasm, on the Ruins of a solid Structure; Christian purity. Why, ye Champions of Infidelity, suffer this congenial Author to perish in Oblivion, whom not even the horrors of Calcutta could *bring to Reason*?

at first view, THESE may seem the foundations of *obscurity*, always least defensible in a Satirist, who thereby defeats the primary intention of his piece *.

THESE Gentlemen strenuously insist, that Persius pursuing his course of abuse against Poetafters fastened

'volumes of the Talmudists, to the witticism of one Father (2) of the Church, and to the alledged want of comprehension in (3) St. Jerome, *another*.' With still greater concern I read the name of the laborious, and intelligent Casaubon, espousing the *last* particular. I had almost omitted the 'sawing in two of Lycophron's *Callandra*,' (certainly no ineffectual way to get rid of it) introduced as a real fact.—See Life of Persius prefixed to Mr. Brewster's *poetical* version of our Satirist, p. 20.

(2) *This* Father is alledged to have 'cut and torn Persius's Satires,' because (forsooth!) he could not be understood by the outside (which this Father probably lik'd best with respect to books in general) he would therefore see, whether the Poet was not more intelligible within.

(3) 'St. Jerome is reported to have done the like by the Satires of Persius.'

Our Author has likewise afforded employment to the Italian—what shall I say? Genealogists. They are such enthusiasts, that they not only adore every pebble, which they conclude to have belonged originally to the family of Persius, but pay a reverence of supererogation to that family by adopting articles, as *their property*, which these reasoners must have possess'd *second-hand*, at least to have proved *such*. The house shewn at Volterra, as the residence of Persius, is a meer mimicry of more ancient sacrifices of the sort to the memory of departed worth.—See the aforesaid Life of Persius.

* Take Persius's own words, a little vary'd, to confirm this reflection they are more applicable than as they are placed in his works:

"Scire tuum nihil est, quod scis, si nesciat alter."

The verse at least runs better for the alteration.

more

more avowedly his talons upon Nero. I well know this wretch to be recorded by the infamy of his verses. The same Gentlemen farther add, that the Emperor has received from Persius his death-stroke, as a Poet, a Ruler, and a Moral Man.

No authorities are produced to justify the first; the verses reprobated by the Satirist not being confirm'd to have flow'd from the vanity of Nero. The two latter cannot fail to have been exaggerated on the dark side. Nero seems to have practis'd, some years after the commencement of his reign, the arts of tyranny, as little as many of the Cæsars, or, to speak impartially, as *most* Sovereigns throughout the world, and was little guilty of flagitious vices, or *rather* little known *by the Public* to have been so, *almost* during the short existence of Persius. But these plausible appearances lasted no long; fear, the usual attendant upon cruelty, was implanted, or cultivated in Nero's disposition; and the fluctuating humors of his disordered times fail'd not to promote, rather than to check every degenerate passion. His jealousy once rous'd, a pretended combination was imputed to his nearest connections, 'even those of his own household.' His Mother was assassina-

ted; and some years after, his Preceptor Seneca, and the Poet Lucan met their end; his Mother, and the Philosopher probably on account of their repeated counsels, in vain employed to induce his attention to the study of Government, and to dissuade him from frivolous indulgences in associations, unworthy of a Prince. Others in this place omitted are well known to have shared a similar fate. The storm he *now* esteem'd to be remov'd from a more formidable *vicinity*, but his cruelty was proportionably expanded; the inoffensive Christians dy'd by persecution; an affected construction of their union with the Jews had been propagated, because neither of them were disposed to sacrifice at the shrine of a Pagan Idol. Such was our imperial CUR, who having once feasted upon the blood of innocence, wallowed for life in carnage and destruction * !

* Nero murder'd his Mother in the year after Christ 59 or 60: Persius dy'd in 61 or 62, at the full age of 29: so that very probably the Satires had been entirely finish'd, before that violent behaviour of Nero, who soon after threw away the mask, and prov'd by unparallel'd iniquities, and miserable absurdities, what sort of favorites devour'd his time, his honor, and himself. Seneca and Lucan were put to death in the year after Christ 65; thence it may be surmis'd, that they were not obnoxious to Nero at the period, when that Prince of Dæmons assassinated his Mother; nor had any hatred been conceiv'd against *Persius*, who, if the Satires had been publish'd before *his* death, and construed to have characteriz'd Nero, may almost necessarily be expected to have shar'd the destiny of poison, or the poniard, of consuming hunger, or of the *bloody* bath.

From

From the defects which candor must admit in the conduct of Persius's productions, turn we to the more pleasing task of approbation. The sentiments of a friend were enquir'd upon *Martial's* Epigrams; 'His genius,' it was answer'd, 'as a Poet is more readily conceiv'd from that *un aspiring* course, in which it was exerted; I regard him as ONE of the most satisfactory Historians, who have painted the manners of an Age degraded *almost* by every character, but his own.' A similar panegyric may be still more conclusively apply'd to our Writer; not but that it must impartially be more *expected* in the *last*. The delineation of manners is a material business, the groundwork, it may be so term'd, of Satire.

His compositions are written upon the principle of *Dialogue*, more animated than those pieces of Horace which have been formed upon a similar plan; *that* of Horace being direct, that of Persius disguis'd; the first treating us with * a comic scene, by *living* Characters, or with a formal conversation nearly in the manner of more modern Dialogues

* Satire 'Si rarò scribas:' and Satire 'Tiresias et Ulysses.'

of the Dead; the last abruptly hurrying us to a description of the Sot, and of the Miser, of the Amoro, and the Ambitious, the Witling and the Debauchee, by fictitious introductions of Drunkenness, and Avarice, Love, and Ambition, Dullness, and Debauchery, 'teaching the passions to move' in the higher circle of *Personification*. They are *our Writer's* Fantoccini, who may be asserted to perform their parts *beyond* the real life when compared with the human puppets of the *Horatian Drama*. This sublime exertion of genius is consonant with the spirit of Epic Poesy; and Persius may be entitled an Half-brother of his cotemporary LUCAN; Half-brother only, for he would have requir'd a superior talent of *expanded* description to a *more uniform* rivalry in the same walk.

Persius has from several intimations, and expressions throughout his Satires, explain'd the commercial conduct of his Age in various articles of traffic. From these it may be collected, that the Roman trade with more distant Kingdoms was of no inconsiderable extent. I refer not to passages, as they so variously abound in his writings. Though we observe a peculiarity of language, his reflections may boast a
happy

happy mixture ; in a very small compass he has afforded matter for a volume ; each thought is a lesson, with the brevity of a Sallust ; he was such as a Sallust might have been experienc'd in the days of Nero. He evidently compos'd from the *heart*, and his censures, however vehement, may *therefore* be presum'd to have flow'd thro' the voice of Truth ; he is little to be regarded as a party-man, unless perhaps in consequence of the Sect, of which he profess'd himself a member. He seems to have copy'd Horace from a degree of necessity arising occasionally from his subject, rather than from deliberate choice ; a construction, which the very learned Casaubon's *labor'd* examples of such connection appear from their exaggeration to justify ; the examples produc'd by that Commentator in several instances not coinciding with the idea of imitation *. The more recent

* Whatever slender application has been indulg'd, from the general vacuity of attention, to the compositions of Persius ; that author has in all ages possess'd his friends in those of erudition. The mode of Dryden's version has been adapted to his original with peculiar success ; the spirit of the Roman may seem to have been *translated* into the English Bard. Mr. Brewster's numbers are imitations of Pope, from whom he has likewise borrow'd the luxuriant form of paraphrase ; he is more of a Toilette, than of a Closet-Satirist. A learned friend of a *Sister-University* has obligingly communicated the edition of Mr Burton, whose talents display themselves in a course of explanatory remarks, which familiarize Persius, and evince the little necessity we are under of crossing our own seas for the removal

recent style of our own English Writers, (I mean not those who

‘ Are born, and die ten thousand in an hour,’

but the Spirits of a superior rank, who in other far more valuable respects have characteriz’d the talents of an Age as to the general tenor of Poetry) abounds with antitheses, too often that flashy exercise of wit without solidity, and of frolic without enthusiasm. Alliteration is carry’d to a still greater height; but this indulgence, confin’d necessarily to the language of an Author’s compositions, is rather an *adulterated* turn of ingenuity, though it confessedly adds, where fancy feels the curb of judgement, to the harmony of a period. Conciseness, if clear, as more solid, is more to be esteem’d; a single epithet forcibly apply’d gives dignity to a sentence; the rays of a reflection are concentrated in a word.

of his obscurities. Persius has been celebrated by his Countrymen for conveying more interesting matter in a small book, than others, of more labor than genius, have been able to furnish in volumes. The same compliment may be discharged to his English Commentator. Our Editor has prefix’d to his Prose-Version an Head of Persius engrav’d, which corresponds sufficiently with the description of his face in the Preface to *that* Edition; but as doubts have arisen relative even to the date of his existence, it may not unreasonably be questioned, whether his Picture is preserv’d.

Customs

Customs of *different* countries at *different* æras are irreconcilable with each other, they are not compatible even in the *same* countries, of which the Roman Government stands an everlasting memorial; those, I had nearly pronounced them *technical*, terms in use amongst the practitioners of occupations, and engagements, which Persius occasionally describes, cannot be familiar to our own eyes; but added a peculiar strength to the Satiric javelin brandish'd by our Writer. Are they *therefore* to be condemned? These terms *may* not be congenial with modern ideas of Poetry; we may perhaps scarcely allow them comprehensible; yet surely our defect of comprehension is but a pitiful plea for disapprobation.

The province of Metaphor, as the most animated, the most difficult of rhetorical figures, is usually secure in the hands of Persius; it is the darling effort of a luxuriant imagination, and by such therefore not easily relinquish'd. Our Poet hunts not down this *game*, his conciseness assisting to preclude a too relaxing pursuit of the same THOUGHT, by other POETS more happily conceiv'd, than faithfully express'd; false Metaphor familiarly grasps the sceptre of
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the TRUE; HE, who has trod with consistence this slippery ground has acquitted himself an adept in composition; if HE writes in PROSE, he must possess poetic FANCY; if he communicates his ideas under the auspices of VERSE, he proves himself a Philosopher of the MUSES*.

To explain more fully the principles on which our Satirist proceeds, we may exhibit an epitome of each subject discuss'd. In the course of six Poems, not one of any considerable dimensions, the picture of genuine Satire is drawn at full length. Vitiating Taste the source of poetical corruption is branded in the first; Piety of Profession, with Profanation of Heart, in the second; yawning Indolence, the insipid character of the present Age, is, in the third, censur'd on the one hand, and an attention to Philosophical Pursuits ear-

* Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant!

VIRG. GEORG. Lib. 2.

The humbler Persius has rais'd his own merits above those of the Bardling cotemporary Herd:

—————" Ipse ————
" Ad Sacra Vatum carmen affero nostrum."

See his Prologue to the Satires, which will prevent an *ironical* application of the words.

nestly

nestly recommended on the other; Nobility is describ'd a more ostentatious name for Virtue, and wealthy Ignorance the concomitant of Vice. Our Poet adorns his fourth composition with precepts of Prudence in the conduct of State-business; and a generous abhorrence of Hypocrisy, flattering itself that the world may be a stranger to those dark practices, of which Conscience accuses the Culprit. The fifth Satire, the 'Chef-d'œuvre' of the work, treats us with a Panegyric upon the Stoic Philosophy, from its favorite principle, That to be wise, is to be free; and with an argument, which might become a system far less exceptionable, than are too *many* tenets of Stoicism, That the *mental* slave is more effectually such than the corporeal, the first feeling the oppressions of *a single* tyrant, the last of *many*, in mean submissions to *every* passion of the soul. The concluding Satire is more immediately the labor of epistolary animation; of candor in enquiries after his friend's rural employments, and in representations of his own; which produce a moral landscape of serenity, an inexperience of care, with regularity of life, neither parcimonious, nor extravagant; content in a station of humble *peace*, unenvious of riches, and despising honors purchased too usually

usually at *its* expence by commerce, vanity, and disgrace.

Such the subjects of a Writer, whose merits have not been adequately valued; a Writer earnest in reproofs, yet zealous in commendations; whose principal errors may be ascertained to have arisen from the defects of national eminence in the learning, and of morality in the manners of his times; the former whereof threw upon his sentiments a gloom of severity, *then* characterizing his native language; the latter inducing him, though rarely, to communicate them in more ribald * terms of obscenity, and debauch. The one has † been palliated,
the

* Persius has copy'd Horace and Terence so evidently, that the reference cannot be mistaken. These were certainly excellent sources of imitation. Juvenal as evidently treats us with passages strongly resembling those of Persius, which at least may evince, that the subject of Domitian had no degrading idea of the subject of Nero. It may farther be collected from the constancy of such Plagiarisms, (if we may without envy so term them) among Satirists in particular, that the vices and follies of one age more nearly approach to those of another in the same Country than may be usually surmis'd; and that Satirists are forward to pay a compliment where they justly can: no common impartiality in the *Genus irritabile*, so frequently complain'd of for their pursuit of a contrary practice.

† In the passages dishonor'd with such reflections, a peculiar stiffness, and admission of Greek terms are observable; the Poet seems desirous by the coarseness of his picture to make indelicacy more than usually disgusting; it may at least be allow'd from this mode of treatment, that
these

the other totally diverted into a *purser* channel through the following Imitations.

It is observable, that Mr Burton derives the species of composition, which Persius has adopted, from the *ludi scenici*. These were Copies of earliest Comedy, originally deriv'd from satirical or sarcastic exhibitions. Tragedy, when enlarg'd to a more regular plan, became little reconcileable with its original principles; what connection can be gather'd between Odes sung with vehemence by a chorus of mad devotees to a Deity of drunkenness and riot, and that consistent mixture of characters which throws a beam of reality upon splendid Fiction, or clothes the genuineness of History in the robes of the Tragic Muse? The same may be asserted concerning *other* Compositions of ancient Greece.

This festal disorder flow'd however from the fervor of the Heathen religion in its more fantastical periods. The 'prisca Comœdia' less rapidly succeeded;

these passages are not meant as a sacrifice to, but as a Satire upon the times. I wonder that the Critics, in their resolution to construe Persius's quotations from *flimsy* and *rumbling* works, as the products of Nero's brain, assign'd not kindly some of *these latter* impertinences, deliver'd in Italics, like the other, to the same region of absurdity.

active

active Heroism could not have been reconcil'd but in a course of ages to the convivial associations, or vocal confusions of the Table, originally supply'd from the victims offer'd to their Gods; but Governments subsisting upon Republican impetuosity, and situated in the vicinity of each other, were the nurseries of FACCIONS within, as they rarely fail to be, from the prevalence of *popular* authority, and no wonder, that *any* plans were encourag'd by *senatorial* artifice, to prevent the *Spirits* of Misrule from wanton insurrections at home. Thus it became a serious task of policy to amuse the people by public recreations, in which the superior Orders intermix'd, and if obnoxious, experienc'd the most bitter invectives from those, who were more upon a level, than the *former* might desire; indeed on these occasions the latter were evidently superiors*.

Tragedy was *regulated* to fan the flames of that enthusiasm, which they term'd Devotion, and of that heroism, which boasted the title of Virtue: Comedy was appropriated to less active moments, and may be conclu-

* It may appear needless to apply this process of Republican spirit to the degrading light, in which Parliamentary Candidates appear, when they solicit the Interests of those, on whom they usually tread, as soon as the turn is serv'd.

ded the offspring of Sarcastic Dialogues confin'd in their dawn to the plebeian classes, whose *deficiency* of knowledge render'd them more forward by their prattle to expose *it*; the Genius corrected, or rather extended this poison of the vulgar by more regular compositions, in which the eminent constellations of Philosophy and Letters were obscur'd by the *cloud* of Aristophanism. It is well known, that Socrates was more particularly abus'd by malignant petulancy; while others (who were at best shadows of *this* substance) were ridicul'd into silence, and mark'd with contempt! Comedy, subsisting in this virulent disposition, reminds us of the congenial wantonness of the *Satyrs*, whose province it was to frisk in lascivious gestures with their kindred *Goats*. At length Comedy was cloth'd in a more pleasing, as more interesting dress; and was a *picture* of prevailing manners, interspersed with lessons of morality; originally deriv'd from, she became in her turn corrupted by a *deliberate* acrimony of invective; Menander conducted Terence to the *first*; and the Greek Iambic devolv'd its spirit to the *Hexameter* of Roman Satire.

Satire has been deduc'd from the epithet 'satura' wrested awkwardly enough to a substantive. In this
derivation

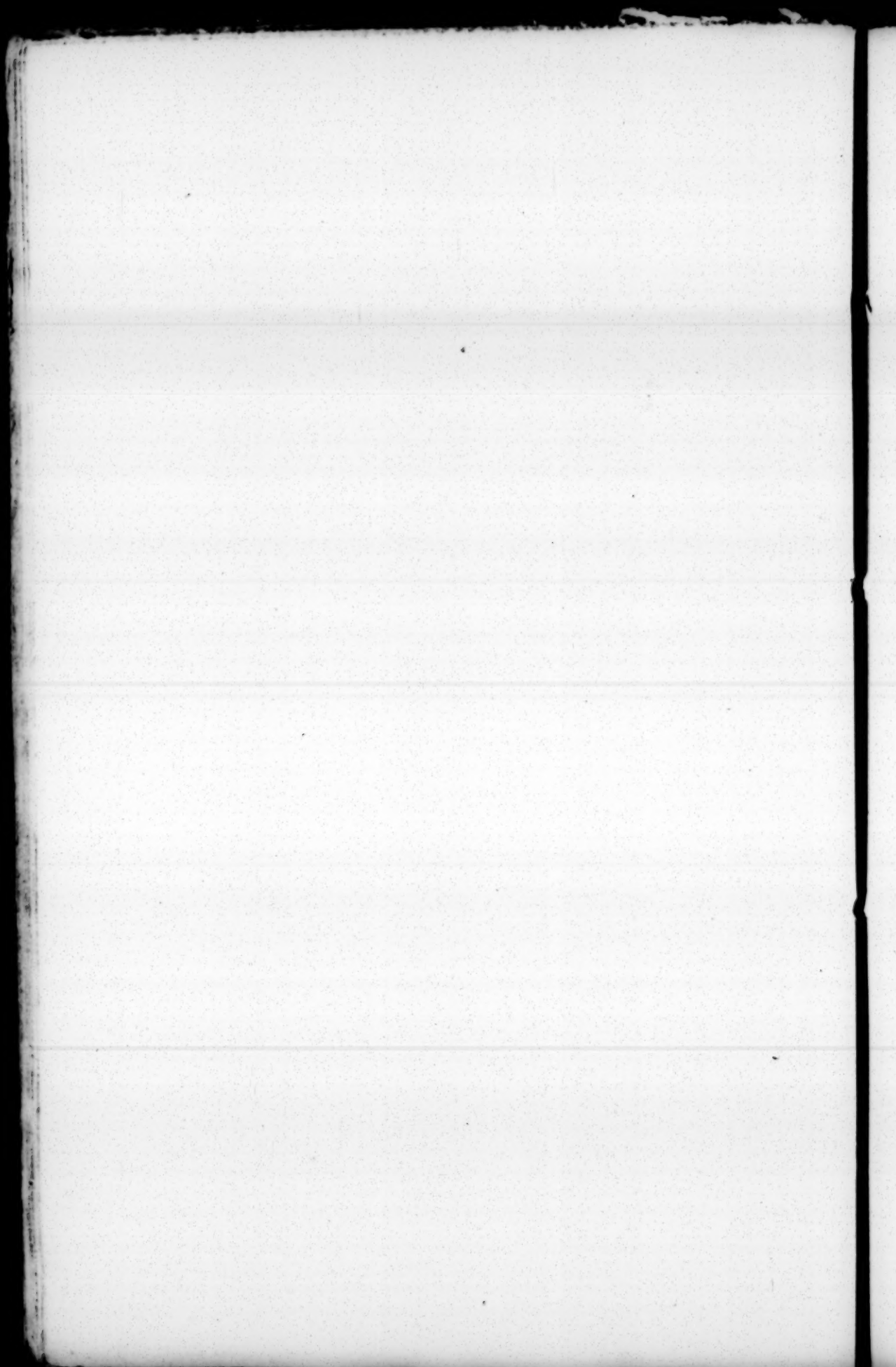
derivation is easily to be trac'd the inelegance of less ancient Rome. The idea is very vague, or, to speak impartially, very coarse; what seems to be comprehended under the term is a mixture of subjects, an hotch-potch of matter jumbled into *one* particular composition. It is not worthy of time and labor to enlarge farther upon the epithet; to the above interpretation the satisfy'd CRITIC

‘Cedat, uti conviva *satur*.’ HOR. Epist. l. 2.

When we make remoter excursions into the regions of conjecture to discuss more effectually a *literary* invention, we should wish to pursue the mode, whereby truth may be most probably ascertain'd, at least the question agitated appear more speciously determin'd. Consistency requires us to consider largely the origin, where it can from authorities be trac'd, and the gradual variations, refinements, or corruptions of *those* efforts, in which Genius has exerted itself, and which bear analogy to that, immediately selected as the object of CRITICAL ATTENTION.

THE
SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS
IMITATED.

B



P R O L O G U E

TO THE S A T I R E S.

LET others bathe the sickly Muse
With Helicon's inspiring dews,
Or on Parnassus' brow display'd
Dream themselves Poets ready-made;
Be ours, ye Bardlings, to resign
The *Wreath* to Fav'rites of the Nine;
Nor fondly hope the statued charms
Circled with Ivy's *faithful Arms*:
Bless'd!—if from Us the Heav'n-taught Bard
Half-witted off'rings may regard.
A Genius born?—alike (my cry!)
The Poet, Parrot, and the Pie;
A Genius made?—how oft to steal
From others' Fame; the With a *Meal*,

P R O L O G U E.

Mistress of Arts, and Queen of Thought;
To Language, grudg'd by NATURE, wrought,
My SCOTT, a Crow of borrow'd wing,
As *Int'rest* sway'd, of old could spring;
His melody no more can please,
Whose MUSE—a *Benefice*, and Ease.

T H E

THE
FIRST SATIRE
IMITATED.

‘ O H! vanity of Man! each thought how vain!’
 —Nor less, my Bard, thy vanity of strain,
 What, frantic SATIRE, is thy pride’s reward?
 Few wish to read, and fewer still regard:
 To level Characters! what toil so base!
 ‘ Where Truth’s the theme, shall Censure hide her face?
 ‘ Freely be praise on loftier strains bestow’d!
 ‘ Fret, troubled CUMBERLAND, thou Ghost of Ode!
 ‘ Ode! yet a thousand other notes like thine
 ‘ Stream the wild meteors of th’unfav’ring Nine;
 ‘ On Skiddaw’s brow not Phœbus’ *orient* fire
 ‘ Or Keswic’s vale could “ wake the *living* lyre.”

‘ Vain frown of Envy ! Justice holds the scale,
 ‘ Shall *upstart* Zeal o’er genuine Worth prevail ?’

Survey earth’s mansions from the heart within ;
 ‘ Tell me *where* Prudence checks the paths of Sin !
 ‘ So speaks the moral sage !’ “ the Grave, the Gay
 “ Pursue the tenor of Corruption’s way,
 “ Warm from the cradle thro’ maturer prime
 “ Each station is the nursery of crime
 “ Of guilt-degraded Man !”—‘ Forgive my spleen !
 ‘ Oh ! that for laughter fit the fullen scene !’

Fountain of Poetry, thy current flows
 More placid undisturb’d by others’ woes ;
 On wings of Epic soar to the Sublime ;
 Blank verse !—‘ is little more than want of rhyme ;
 ‘ *Such lungs may heave Wit’s bellows ill at ease !
 ‘ —ROBERTS is Milton’s offspring—What are *These* ?
 ‘ Round *boyish manhood* drowsy Chafers spring,
 ‘ *Be-pated thick with curls*, the precious ring
 ‘ Glift’ning a stamp antique—but hark how sweet
 ‘ The periods glide, when TRUSLER’s in the seat !

• The original is strong :

—“ Quod Pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.”

Prone

' Prone from the desk his study'd strains dispense
 ' Wit's easy smile, or energy of sense ;
 ' Melting to love, or kindling into rage,
 ' He asks no *pebble* from the Grecian Sage,
 ' On verse and prose the flutt'ring audience *thrive*
 ' With many a Dutchess, many a Peer—till five.

' Go, Age, and drown in gaieties thy spleen !
 ' Then boast, that Life's to see, and to be seen !
 ' Shall HE with *Manners*, *Birth*, and *Spirit* grac'd,
 ' Behold the Fig-tree, nor the Fruitage taste ?
 ' Bless'd science of the world ! when *palsy'd* youth
 ' Bids Dissipation bear the palm of Truth !
 ' While croaks each student of the driv'ling school,
 ' Too proud from public view to hide the fool !

But thro' *thy* bosom spreads the gen'rous flame,
 When Beaus record, and Beauties list thy fame ;
 Beaus, who can read, well-pleas'd, that thou canst write ;
 Belles, who for love would change the theme of spite.

Not so the Statesman, drowning in the bowl
 Each rankling anguish of the Gout's control ;

No Muse his rev'rence ; HIS—Ambition's rage,
 He mocks, fair Hist'ry, thy recording page !
 His—the *fresh* Ribbon ! His the orient Star,
 With Gallia's *Accents*, not her *Hofts* at war.
 Pow'r spreads her gewgaws, loads the wealthy purfe ;
 For Mode he *keeps*, or *marries* for a Nurse ;
 Let Truth convict him, and let Patriots teize,
 His heart's *each* with obtain'd he fighs for Eafe.
 His Colleague, Succellor, and King consent !
 Thrice hail ! Retirement's feafon to repent !

Admiring BARDS, in awful filence tread,
 No ghafly Forms round Sicknefs' *honor'd* bed !
 His ear with melody of mufic greet,
 And fmooth the turf that wooes his hallow'd feet !
 Yours o'er his URN poetic wreaths to ftrew,
 And fhed the violet's confecrating hue !

—Why fmile, my Patriot ! 'mid his Virtues' bloom
 Wrap'd by his Sov'reign in the RURAL TOMB,
 Lov'd of the COUNCIL when the *Sage* withdraws,
 Say, fhall a grateful kingdom grudge applaufe
 To ftains the Time-defying CLERK records
 Prais'd by the Commons, echoed by the Lords ?

' Yet

' Yet other tasks attract the willing MUSE ;
 ' Wit yields a sting, that Satire may abuse,
 ' May rise, and dash the CULPRIT to the ground ;
 ' No murd'rer she, to riot o'er the wound !
 ' Worth ev'ry thought, and Genius every line,
 ' Her boast complete, where Candor deigns to shine !
 ' My thrilling fibres vibrate to the song,
 ' Whose note is Love of Right, and Hate of Wrong.
 ' * But ah ! what slumbers o'er the brain prevail,
 ' When RONA, snake-like, drags her lengthen'd trail !
 ' Fogs heav'd on fogs the scene of horror fill,
 ' That frowns o'er OGILVIE's prolific quill.
 ' Hence, DIABOLIAD, with thy ribald frown !
 ' For * Thee will HERTFORD leave his couch of down ?
 ' Or HERTFORD's Daughters gratify thy spleen,
 ' Crook'd in their form, *diminutive* of mien ?
 ' Dup'd by thy rage, will IRNHAM lend a Vote ?
 ' Grant thee a Meal, or treat thee with a Coat ?
 ' Be others slaves,' thou cry'st, ' I still am free,
 ' And Truth, by others spurn'd, still dwells with Me !'

* Orig.—“ Quid non intus habet ?—hæc est Ilias Atti,
 “ Ebria veratro ?—

† —————“ si qua Elegidia crudi
 “ Dictârunt”——

Oh !

Oh ! Fool of Rhime ! these airy triumphs quit,
 Thy head, and heart mere Skeletons of Wit ;
 Rather to Scot irascible of joke,
 Whom ne'er impunity has dar'd provoke,
 Resign the LETTER'D toil ; ONE remnant Ear
 Well may suffice what Truth would wish to hear !
 ' His voice so rugged in its *alien* zeal,
 ' To England's dumb, speaks BROAD for Scotland's weal,
 ' By SECOND-SIGHT to reputation grown
 ' He *others'* faults proclaims, and veils *his own*.

' Ask We the public smile ? 'tis Pope's to show
 ' A feast of numbers in the choicest flow ;
 ' With thoughts well-suited to the court, or cot
 ' Compress'd th'idea, as a Gordian knot ;
 ' So smooth his harmony ! his wit so *terse* !
 ' The Bard was born a Mechanist of Verse.
 ' Whether with Ethics' chaster warmth he sings
 ' The pride of Statesmen, or the pomp of Kings ;
 ' Loaths lux'ry's sweets, or social bliss commends,
 ' Speaks Homer's voice, or triumphs in his friends.
 ' Ask the School-stripling ! Pope's luxuriant dream
 ' Improves an Ovid's, and a Statius' theme :

' Ask

‘ Ask the fond Virgin! Pope’s assiduous care
 ‘ Dwells on *each* ringlet of Belinda’s hair.

‘ Dan Chaucer’s muse, and Nature is his dame,
 ‘ May sweep the cottage-chimney’s smoke to flame;
 ‘ May sport in fallies of a Kentish Tale,
 ‘ Simplicity rude tenant of the vale;
 ‘ Humor unwounding, Innocency’s strife,
 ‘ Each Husband happy in th’assistant Wife:
 ‘ To him the Poet kneels, the Scholars bow,
 ‘ Of verse DICTATOR, tho’ his task the PLOUGH.

Hail to the pen, whose imitative *page*,
 ‘ Proud HASTINGS, swell’d thy *military* rage,
 ‘ Oh! had *his Master* tun’d the tragic lyre,
 ‘ And Shakespeare’s *accents* felt a Shakespeare’s *fire*,
 ‘ The Patriot’s frown, the Champion’s honest glow
 ‘ *Had sav’d thy offspring, COMEDY, from woe!

‘ Hail to the Boy! a Father’s *fondling* eyes
 ‘ Behold the Sun of Eloquence arise;

• Orig.—“Ærumnis cor lustrificabile soltus.”

‘ Thro’

' Thro' flow'ry *Wisdom's* metaphoric walks
 ' This other CHATHAM to the Senate stalks ;
 ' Attend ! 'tis *Luttrell's* flippancy of wit
 ' Fills ev'ry heart, and riots o'er the Pit ;
 ' Windward of Slander *breathes* the polish'd strain,
 ' " While Mischief whispers in his ear GERMAINE."*
 " Papers—the cry —those papers the disgrace
 " Of a tame, dastard, Ministerial Race."
 ' —Pow'r in the wrong, a Vote will call it right ;
 ' *The General's black, the Secretary white.

' Patriots, was THIS well done? an ABSENT FRIEND
 ' What zeal could clear, what rhetoric defend ?
 ' Purg'd from all guilt, all honesty within,
 ' Befooling Jove with Admiralty-grin
 ' †See! *Momus* shuffles! Self-applause the treat,
 ' Full-man'd, full-stor'd, full-victual'd struts a Fleet:
 ' Ye murmurers, cease! the *fav'ring* breezes blow;
 ' That Kings may chuckle at a Raree-show.
 ' ‡Statesman, no more for *hireling aliens* roam,
 ' Virtue still lives, an Island is her home !

* Dr. YOUNG's *Love of Fame*.

† Orig.—“ Numeris Decor est, & Junctura, addita crudis.

“ Claudere sic versum didicit.——

‡ ———“ cœruleum dirimebat *Nerea Delphin* ?

“ Sed costam semper subduximus Angli Gallo.”

‘ On

‘ On Sons, on Subjects *Pity*’s tear may fall:
 ‘ Roll, roll thy thunder on the trait’rous Gaul.

‘ Oh! for the Epic!—’tis a cumb’rous load!
 ‘ The spongy fungus of a Birth-day Ode
 ‘ Around the Tree of State were better spread,
 ‘ Whose trunk is blasted, and whose foliage dead.

‘ *With Glee, and Glass, with Catches, Kettle-drums,
 ‘ See! Bacchanalians, see, your Leader comes!
 “ Deluded dupes! found but the cannon’s roar,
 “ America’s *poltroons* shall float in gore;
 “ †Bless’d havock, riot o’er the fields of peace;
 “ Subjects are flocks, Prerogative may fleece:
 “ ‡Beneath *our legal* loads be theirs to groan,
 “ Their wives, their children, and their wealth our own.
 “ Taxes, like *us*, will give *them* to be—GREAT
 “ By Freedom ||*echo’d* from a *Parent State*!”

‘ Not such the voice of those illustrious days,
 ‘ When public Virtue toil’d for public Praise!

* Orig.—“*Torva Mimalloneis implêrunt Cornua bombis.*”

† Orig. “—*raptum Vitulo caput ablatura superbo.*”

‡ Orig. “—*Lyncem Mænas flexura Corymbis.*”

|| Orig. “*Evion ingeminat, reparabilis adsonat Echo.*”

‘ Now

‘ Now the rank lisper of each Courtier sings
 “ • That *Animal*, Prime Minister of Kings”
 ‘ With true Dutch phlegm !—scoffing the *Patriot*’s toil
 ‘ The *weed* of Flattr’y thrives in *Grandeur*’s soil.

Epistles, Postscripts all-heroic curse
 Their branded author with an empty purse;
 Wit EVER was, and EVER will be poor;
 Pow’r welcome gives, shall SATIRE shut the door?
 Thyself the first, the sole of Honor’s line,
 † Shall the broad R disgrace each heart, but thine?
 ‘ Well, blessed PEACE, be mine the modish throat!
 ‘ Guilt be my cause, Corruption be my vote!

“ Yes! Statesmen, ye are Honourable Men!”
 ‘ Full twenty years well-serv’d, th’applauding pen
 ‘ *Permits* a *faithful* BARRINGTON to sell
 ‘ For pension’d gold (Attraction’s richer smell)
 ‘ The *task* of WAR—Ye Lawyers, can ye make,
 ‘ Or *force* a libel, if I paint a SNAKE?

* The *ostensible* Minister’s speech, May 1778.

† Orig.—“sonat hîc de Nare caninâ

“ Litera.”

‘ But

‘ But—Custom’s sacred!—Palaces on *fire*,
To quench *it* GULLIVERS alone desire.*

‘ Wolves, Foxes, Apes, a Monarch’s smile your doom,
“ Could I recall poor CHURCHILL from the tomb”
‘ To vent the spleen, to probe a rav’nous heart !
‘ Or could I point with STERNE the hum’rous dart,
‘ Point on each wayward thought, each faithless wile!
‘ Lend a fond tear, or yield a social smile !
‘ O’er Fancy’s maze life’s genuine beam he throws,
‘ And leads th’obedient reader—by the NOSE.†

‘ Courtiers may frown, and *Judges* work my woe;
‘ My truths are utter’d, that a world may know !
‘ For all the *lies* I would not change a note,
‘ *Which* ribald THOMPSON ever spake or wrote.
‘ From THEE, who deem’st the hoary-headed *Sage*,
‘ *Vers’d* in the scenes of rude Ambition’s stage,
‘ May whisper PRUDENCE ! let the period roll,
‘ (Enough for Me !) to pierce his inmost soul.

* Voyage to Lilliput.

† Alluding to the “ *Copia verborum*” lavish’d upon the chapter or volume
of Noses in Tristram Shandy.

‘ I ask

- ‘ I ask no Senator’s bewilder’d brain
- ‘ To quote * *Perfection* from a Roman train ;
- ‘ No fest’ring Demagogue, with stormy mind
- ‘ In Error’s labyrinth to plunge the *blind* ;
- ‘ No *Prator* fat from India’s fust’ring air
- ‘ To quit the Counter’s for a Nabob’s care ;
- ‘ With mother-wit to spurn his native dust,
- ‘ To drink, feast, play, and *claim* a kingdom’s trust.
- ‘ Nor him for rancor, and for knowledge fam’d,
- ‘ The ruling Oracle of Law proclaim’d,
- ‘ Impassion’d hate whose sullen notes *adorn*,
- ‘ And match the *labor’d impudence* of HORNE :
- ‘ † Pleas’d with a smile from Pow’r’s or Beauty’s face
- ‘ By turns who Chloë grasps, by turns the Mace.’

* Senatorial compliments have been largely pass’d upon the History and Manners of the Romans, intentionally to degrade those of *our* Country. Amongst others of similar abilities, a *certain* Son of Prolixity sweetly sets the House in due order for a yawn, by a proœmium to his harangue—“ In the days of Sylla, Mr. Speaker,”—Days avowedly far worse even than our own, whatever varnish his Rhetoric might place upon the former. The history of Rome is little applicable to ours : it was a Republic founded upon Heathenism ; and her Senators, till Monarchy first usurped reviv’d under Julius Cæsar, were not of so complying manners as the more recent Innocents of our united Island ; from the death of Augustus, except in some *few* instances of literary reputation, the People were the skeletons of their Ancestors. *Our* nation at large still possesses the Spirit of Heroism, which may seem to have evaporated in its RULERS.

† Orig.—“ Multum gaudere paratus,”

“ Si Cynico barbam petulans Nandoria vellat.”

T H E

THE
SECOND SATIRE
IMITATED.

TH' indulgent minute crowns thee with a Boy;
Let reason fix the limits of thy joy!
Parental hopes are harbingers of Care;
Heav'n has receiv'd the incense of thy pray'r.
To guardian Heav'n each future wish resign;
' Long may he bless thy days, and long be thine!
No *pious* mock'ry snatch from Interest's shelf:
Leave Fortune's fools to grandeur, and to pelf.

No murm'ring whisper of a fordid heart
Insult the Pow'r who loaths the leer of art!
' Hear it, ye Seers of age, ye Fops of youth!
' His pride be Honesty, his fame be Truth!

C

' Speak

' Speak it, that Man may learn ! why secret roll
 ' The puling accents of a lib'ral soul ?'
 If Frolic pastime o'er an Uncle dead,
 Well may he place a Father in the stead !
 On Dissipation's wing *his* treasure flown,
 Well may he wish a Father's for his own !
 *Yon *low'ring* Husband, ne'er with gold at strife,
 Of the fair Ward may make a frisky *Wife* ;
 'Then wish his hours from Nuptial Bondage free,
 ' How happy Save-all, who has buried *three* !
 Brac'd by old Ocean, or the River's stream,
 Bak'd by Buzaglo, stew'd by Kelly's steam,
 So Health may lead, her sov'reign steps obey !
 —Sleep crown thy night, and spirits wing thy day !

But chief RELIGION, heav'n-descended maid,
 Soul of Perfection, *erring* Reason's aid,
 Burst on his mental eye ! let dazzled Pride
 Catch the full beam, and own her for his guide.
 Stamp'd by his GOD shall MAN disdain the page
 For Toland's mud, and St. John's flow'ry rage ?

* Orig.—“ Pupillamve utinam, quem proximus hæres
 “ Impello, expungam !”

With fickle Priestley's metaphysic roll
Give Thought to nerves, and Matter to the soul?
Judge their CREATOR? damp CREATION's joys,
Till *Deiß*-Giants sink the jest of Boys?

But Gibbon comes! his siren-music hear,
By *Falschood* tun'd to Faith's *bewilder'd* ear!
*Each Christian Father HIS the task to read,
Fathers ne'er suffer'd for themselves to plead!
And deem'st thou, PROTEUS, that *thy lightning's* stroke
Can blast the charms of Truth's eternal oak?
Whose heart, Religion, ne'er thy *settled* home,
From *mythologic* Greece to *papal* Rome.
Priest, o'er the *victim* deal the Butcher's trade,
Each *choicer* morsel for thyself display'd!
Let Fable wrap *th' ætherial crowds* in love,
Each Naiad have her fount, each Faun his grove!
From Learning's tree, yet tell me, Tutors sage,
These the best fruits to graft on earlier age?
Why, warp'd from Truth, must *op'ning* Reason dance
Yon heathen bow'r of Piety-romance

*Orig.—“*Proh! Jupiter, —oh! bone, clamet,*
“*Jupiter! At sese non clamet Jupiter ipse?*”

And pluck the beard of Jove?—Oh! darling plan,
When Heav'n's each folly, and each vice of Man.

Nor you, ye Mothers, spurn a friendly *Muse*!
She from the cradle's sleep your charge pursues;
Hail the fair *front*, the *lip*'s enliv'ning red!
But *Superstition* fly each infant-bed!
No scowling *Gypsies* with a mystic gloom
Prefage fore eye, fore heart, or forer doom!
Their sport, thy grief! leave magic to divine
Life's distant scenes, and eye the natal *sign*.
Avails it ought?—be Exercise his Nurse,
Worth his best Teacher, and Content his purse;
A *reas'ning* Guest, fast Friend, and social Wit;
No tinsel Courtier, and no venal Cit:
Why seek the nuptial tie of regal blood?
Is that, *oh! Denmark's Queen, the path to good?

Too

* The following sonnet was composed from a zeal to consecrate a most virulent persecution of the Queen alluded to, by the *combin'd* malice of an infamous faction.

" Oh! King, if such thou art, of Denmark,

" Thy Wife was *guiltless*, that's one transport to me."

Dr. YOUNG's Revenge, a Tragedy.

ELEGIAC SONNET,

Unhappy! tofs'd amid the storms of life
Far from the native soil, the kindred arms,

Where

Too oft, alas! where smiles the lovely rose,
The circling thorn of keen affliction grows,
Peace to the vow! Impatience, check thy din!
White are *his* hours, whose heart is pure within.

*Health her fix'd standard on the mountain rears,
Rarely descending to the vale of years;
Nor wonder, when Youth's noon attracts disease
From pleasure, turtle, and vicarial ease!

See the vile Scavenger of Lucre's way
In dullness close the evening of his day!

Where Empire's pageantry but mock'd with strife,
And Beauty mourn'd her state-devoted charms!

Hard was the lot, when exil'd from a throne,
No blot to taint thy innocence of soul,
No Child sweet partner of thy cares was known!
Thy last, *least* bitter draught a Step-dame's bowl.

And unreveng'd? yet, Britain sheath the sword!
Be thine to drop the sympathetic tear;
Each heart with tributary sorrow stor'd
Shall consecrate the Shade to virtue dear;
Shall seal proud *Denmark's* with a Sov'reign's doom,
Her freedom bury'd in Matilda's tomb.

* Orig.———"grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa
"Annuere his Superos vetuere, Jovemque morantur.

Mile-End, or Islington his rural home,
 With tip-toe Mercury perking o'er the dome!
 The huge side-dish—what is *it*?—a sirloin,
 For Sunday yields his brethren of the coin!
Two sheep, *one* cow, *one* acre are the *Farm*;
 The stocks his *learning*, and a pipe his charm.
 When wintry frowns the blazing hearth inspire,
 Hard times! he shivers o'er a glimm'ring fire,
 His only *warmth*, that Fortune is his *friend*,
 *He keeps from comfort, what an Heir will spend.

See! Mancus starving on a large estate;
 The side-board groans beneath his massy plate;
 To dazzled *guests* the polish'd treasures shine;
They met to be enchanted, not to dine.
 Bacchus the table rules with *scanty* sway;
 For evening wakes the throbbing pulse to play.
 Be his the Picture's pride, the Medal's rust,
 The Vase fine swelling, or the living Bust;
 Alike *fond* Duncombe by his Travels grac'd
 Meets rapture in the golden Dream of Taste;

* Orig.—Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo."

The boast th'Athenian's LION-CUR his own,
Tho' *modern* patchwork *low'rs* on ancient stone.*

Hail, *ribbon'd Sage*, from fair Italia fraught
With urns for *Thousands* sold, for *little* bought,
To Thee the Muse her humbler joys declare,
Suffic'd with Wedgwood's *imitative* ware !

But see ! the Stripling tott'ring in his prime
Imports the poison of each foreign clime !
This, Education, this is Wisdom's plan !
' Observing manners to corrupt the man.'
' *Heav'n's* Will the gifts of Fortune to dispense
Thy sacrifice to folly—worth, and sense !'

Yet still, your Country calls, *advent'rous* race,
Still triumph, Commerce, 'tis your Country's grace !
Few are her native stores ! some distant sky,
Her hours to comfort, and her wants supply,
Expand its genial fruits, the fruits of toil :
Hence Cassia's sweets, and hence the Student's oil ;
Hence o'er the fleece th'attractive purple strays ;
And hence the pearl's soft gleam, the diamond's blaze !
In mines embowel'd *what* the dim-ey'd ore ?
'Till purg'd from dross, 'tis earth's unpolish'd store ;

* Orig.—“ *Somnia pituita depurgatissima mittat.*”

Use stamps a value, *when* refin'd by fire :
Ah ! that its charms such evils can inspire !

Mark ! while the LAWN's obsequious Vot'ries deign
A sage Indulgence to the *papal* train !
Easy of heart, though venerable Paul's
Echo'd the mass, and shew'd the pictur'd walls !
Why steps not Tucker in the *rear*, ye Great ?
*Are *all* his *baby*-pamphlets out of date ?

From serious thought, ye flippant trav'lers, roam ;
Be MINE the gem of happiness at home !
No tyrant passion clank the chain of woe !
†Right's softer smile, Religion's purer glow
With Honor leagu'd, no meanness can control,
Light the full flame of Conscience in my soul !
Thus ev'ry thought is *praise*, each action *pray'r* ;
A spotless heart the temple—seek *them* THERE.‡

* Orig.—“ Veneri donatæ a virgine pupæ.

† Boldness and elegance are united in the original :

“ Compositum jus, fasque animi : sanctosque recessus

“ Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto.”

These are in Persius's most happy manner.

‡ Orig.—“ Hæc cedo, ut admoveam templis, & farre litabo.”

THE
THIRD SATIRE
IMITATED.

WELL! now at length I see *my* Stripling hurl'd
From Books to Men, from College to the
World!

But whence those lids, from scenes of evening gay,
Clos'd till thy windows dart the noon-tide ray?
Life's modish drama! supping where we dine!
Exhausted spirits claim the gift of wine.
Alike 'tis Pleasure's maze, 'tis Lux'ry's treat;
Ev'n when the Dog-star rules the realms of heat!
Alike in *downy* doze supinely lay'd,
While *sager* Beasts recline in air, and shade!

' Away the cens'ring song! if scarce-alive
' Noon gives me breakfast, Morn gives sleep at five.
' Ne'er

‘Ne’er earlier fought!’—Tom,—Dick,—above—below!

* Thy Voice—*crack’d* Trumpet of a Puppet-show.

At once the Papers’ feast thy look pursues,

The converse of the day well fram’d from News;

With *Orb* half-clos’d, with nicely-pasted hair,

Some loose *French* Novel soothes thy *studious* care;

La Peigne appears!—in broken-English way

‘Mi-Lady carte! invitant to de Play!’

Quick for an Answer! when, (oh! wretched lot!)

Pens cram’d with ink the guiltless paper blot.

Water!—the *Sable* stream exchang’d to *White*,

No mark can settle, and no pen can write;

Letter by letter slowly shap’d at last,

Smiles the fond Billet, ere two hours are pass’d.

Hail! Dissipation, blifs of night, of day!

Hurry, not action! without spirits gay!

Rather, returning to the Nurs’ry’s charms,

Still tofs’d, still dandled in a Mother’s arms,

Like pamper’d *Chicks* of Princes drop to rest

By Pap, and Lap, soft Note, and softer Breast.

Student of Life, ah! why indulgence claim!

Nor pen, nor paper, but thyself to blame;

Fool ’midst the Fops, and Madman with the Wife,

The first ne’er lov’d thee, and the last despise!

* Orig.—*Arceidæ pecuaria rudere credas.*

Yon jar, ' which China's richest art has dy'd,'
 Full-vibrates to thy touch in conscious pride,
 Emblem of *human Clay*, when Wisdom kind
 With Virtue sways the Empire of the Mind;
 But Thou, whose plea the ductile ease of soul,
 To Passion cleav'st, not Reason's mild controul;
 Whose plastic pow'r will mould thy *finer Earth*;
 And worlds may try thee, for thy *Sound* is Worth.
 Heav'n crowns with wealth, and spreads thy festal board,
 Paternal acres own Thee for their Lord;
 What, as thy salt is pure, hast Thou to fear?
 Change not thy Manners with yon new-made Peer:
 True Pride, the false for Man was never meant,
 Is Peace of Mind, true Riches are Content.
 But why, GREAT CRANLEY, must a World be told,
 Dry ere the vellum, ere the wax be cold,
 That thou in Senate shar'st the *titled* feast?
Despenser counts five Centuries at least.
 But sweet th' Appellant's, and Respondent's note!
 ' My Lord, your Lordship!—may I hope your Vote!'
 —Hence, Jew's-harp music, Grandeur's empty show!
 * Folly, *thy* slave, and Meanness, *thine* I know!

* Ad populum Phaleras! Ego te intus, et in cute novi. Orig.

Thee too—go, Satire, to his heart within,
 Pigmy in Feature, Giant in each Sin!
 Why must the Muse, friend of the *truly* Great,
 Hereditary Counsellor of State,
 Seek Thee in Riots, Revels, Cellars, Stews,
 'Mid noisy, drinking, gambling Strumpet-crews?
 Lost Time, lost Thought, and lost *Thyself* deplore,
 Plung'd in the gulph of Vice, to rise no more!

* Father of Wisdom! Truth's eternal God!
 Turn from their bosoms, turn th'avenging Rod,
 If such thy will! each Passion's tyrant-lust,
 Whose venom taints the soul, shall sink in dust;
 Virtue, thy smile will clear the *jaundic'd* sight,
 Guilt points her sting—*they* pine to seek the right!

Embowel'd in the Bull, thou Wretch consume!
 Flames the fierce torments of the *brazen* tomb!

* Orig.—Magne Pater, &c. v. 35. to 43. *both inclusive*. This invocation is very solemnly introduced; the sentiment conveyed by the verse

'Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ'
 is moral and sublime.

'Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra Juvenci' to the close of the *above* reference, is classical style, and nervous satire.

In

In Rooms of State, depending by a thread,
 Scar'd Grandeur, view the Falchion o'er thy head !
 Yet pity *those*—down, down the Sinners fall
 Fathoms of Vice innum'rous ; Heav'n their call,
 Conscience their scourge, while Horror wrings the heart
 For crimes, they dare not ev'n to Friends impart :
 To Sister, Brother dare not ; hapless Wife,
 Clouds are *thy* wedlock, Mis'ry is *thy* life !

Deem not I treat thee as a Boy, I ask,
 Gay Youth, *no* fretting o'er a crabbed task ;
 Ask *no* school-comment on a Cato's rage ;
 His death, sad lesson to our worthless Age !
 Yet, STORER, thine the Senate ; not a phrase
 To rouse the Patriot's, or the Courtier's praise !
 Well ! on thy ribbon'd Friend the choice to wait,
 No *Parent* thou, but *Bantling* of the State.
 ' Fast by my side *He* shakes the fav'rite Dice ;
 ' I call it Fashion, you may term it Vice.
 ' Thou Fortune, frolic in thy jokes, may'st grant
 ' Ace inauspicious, when a Sice *, my want :
 ' On *every* Throw my fix'd attention wakes ;
 ' Fix'd o'er each trembling hand, the Box that shakes :

* Orig.—' Etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
 ' Scire erat in voto.'

‘ The letter’d Iv’ry twirl’d!—a Whisper, Fool !

* Cheap, and more wise to whip a Top at school !

’Gainst public Errors whence thy Patriot-moan,
Charles, still regardless to correct thy own ?

Impromptu Eloquence, whose hardier lot
To rail, that English Dress arrays the Scot !

Then to the vigils of the tavern reel :

Oft the rude husk of *pudding’d* Oats thy Meal.

Not thus a FATHER fought Ambition’s health ;
His the State-mountain’s toil for hoarded Wealth.

Thine, *thine* the doze of life ! no censure dread

Of dull Dutch yawn, lank cheek, or slacken’d head :

Fond Hope’s *aspiring* course if Reason stray,

Quit she to *fritt’ring* HOYLE the feast of Play.

Soft ! for the Muse *Analogy* may show ;

To pluck the plumage of each circling Crow

From Jewish MANNERS learn ! secure thy stand

’Mid courtly slaves to *pluck* an injur’d land !

Patient, some Dropsy calls thy *mental* thirst !

But Patient, wilt thou keep it till thou burst ?

Man, be thy own Physician, a sick *Soul*,

High theme !—though Priestly sink it for the *Mole* !

* Orig.—‘ Nec quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.’

* Full well I know thy *tutor'd* learning springs
 (Or once I knew!) where Logic mounts her wings!
 Truth's Elder-born, the Guide to *Reason's* laws,
Who pants to reach ONE universal Cause;
 Ground-work of Ethics, and *whose* structure, Man!
 Order *her* taste, consistency *her* plan!
 She marks with softest sway *its* bounds to Pride,
 Nor stems Life's ocean with an adverse tide;
 'Tis Hers to bid superfluous wishes cease,
 And soothe the love of Gold to love of Peace;
 To feel her Kindred's, or her Country's claim;
 Each has her aid, and each returns her fame:
 Firm guardian of the post by Heav'n assign'd,
 She sounds to Man the welfare of mankind.

Is Envy Hers, when venal hills of wealth
 Teem but with guilt, the spoils of licens'd stealth?
 Bribe proffer'd, which the arms of Plenty grasp;
 The fairest fruit still grateful to the asp:
 † Hence Clients game, while Lawyers keep the score;
 And *either* INDIA heaps the welcome Store.

Rich bales of fordid Happiness display'd!
 Attend that huge Leviathan of Trade;

* Orig.—Discite, prohi! miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum.

† Orig.—'Marsi monumenta Clientis.'

' Talk not of Wisdom ; She *was* all my own,
 ' Till Folly dup'd me to the *last year's loan* ;
 ' Gold is my knowledge ; for that precious end
 ' Thought curls my brow, my eyes to earth I bend ;
 ' My loose lip vibrates to the theme of pelf,
 ' I mutter *rigid* converse with myself.
 ' But soon as Banker, Broker, Jew appears,
 ' Each well-weigh'd word, each accent charms my ears ;
 " * Profit, and Loss, Balance of Cash, and Pow'r"
 ' Such, sound Philosophy, thy genial hour !
 ' Time-wasting sleep to grudge, till morning come,
 ' With hundreds, thousands, heaving to a Plumb ;
 ' † Gloomy at desk, at meals to load the head ;
 ' *Nothing* at birth, but something *warm*, when dead.
' Hark !

* Some superficial reasoners, or rather no-reasoners have sneeringly asked in what they called an argument against the existence of a soul, the part of the human body which contained the soul. It might indeed puzzle enquirers to assert where the souls of these *brutal* Mechanists above alluded to resided, or indeed whether they possessed any ; the '*divinæ particula auræ*' so little appearing to inspire them : they are at best '*animæ cœlestium inanes*.'

† Orig.—'Ægroti veteris meditantes fomina : gigni

' De nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.'

Persius in this jingle, evidently designed, attacks the advocates for the old Greek philosophy, who wore 'the gloomy brow

' Of sullen Nothingness !'

' Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram.'

Of this formality the Stoics (by the way) had constantly been accused. Stoicism in the days of Persius was boasted by its professors as the Philosophy
of

‘ Hark ! while our *sharpen’d* College-student throws
 ‘ Loud peals of mirth, and * writhes the crisped nose !
 “ Oh ! Hottentot, Dutch Boor ! ”—better to range
 The Bank, I cry, the Counter, and the Change !

Well—Chief thou shalt be of the money’d train,
 The sole *Physician* of whose mind is Gain ;
 Not *such* as HIS, with temp’rance still at strife,
 Painful who drags the *liquid* load of life,
 ‘ My parch’d breath labors, scarce my pulse can beat ;
 ‘ Now icy tremors, now the rage of heat ;’
 What up ? oh ! seek the comforts of repose !
 —Calm, and serene the vital current flows.
 Yet still he thirsts ; steals from the couch of rest,
 The cellar yields a bottle of the best ;
 That paleness, whence ?—‘ ’tis nothing’—yet within
 That nothing marks thy doom ; the fallow skin
 Bloated, and haggard—— ‘ *Doctor*, I am well ;
 ‘ But fix’d disorder in *thy* looks I tell :

of Morals, not merely of Scholastic speculation ; the Conductor of Youth thro’ the meanders of life, not the Cobweb-cynic of a brain-encumbering closet. The Original may be construed to reflect a side-long glance at Puritanism, particularly as a censure upon its favourite characteristic tenet, the Mortality of the Soul. A very elegant and animated turn of expression, as if the fix’d appearance of the earth under their feet was actually occasioned by the steadiness of their looks.

* ‘ *Curls the crisped stream.*’ *Mason’s Poems.*

D

Thy

‘Thy wish to lecture! Such my *Tutor*’s lore;
 ‘*His* ashes soon thou join’st; I speak no more.’

From high-pil’d turtle, from high-fatted haunch
 The wave receives our glutton’s German paunch;
 His throat, the cave of undigested steam,
 Swells but to death, a rank sulphureous stream;
 Now to the bowl! Nature is strait *at ebb*;
 Restore her tide, *Sirs Baker, Hawkins, Jebb*!
 See! how the tott’ring *Chinese* image stands!
 Th’ exhausted glass falls from his palsy’d hands;
 Wide o’er his gums the teeth in loosen’d rows!
 A mingled torrent from the stomach flows.

The Man is gone! the torch, the ‘scutcheon rear;
 Ye Mutes, look grave! ye Hirelings, shed a tear!
 Ease, his enjoyment, and a bier his bed,
 Another Mummy frowns with ointments spread;
 No Friends, the corpse enough if vassals bear:
 Th’ interment never can displease an *Heir*.

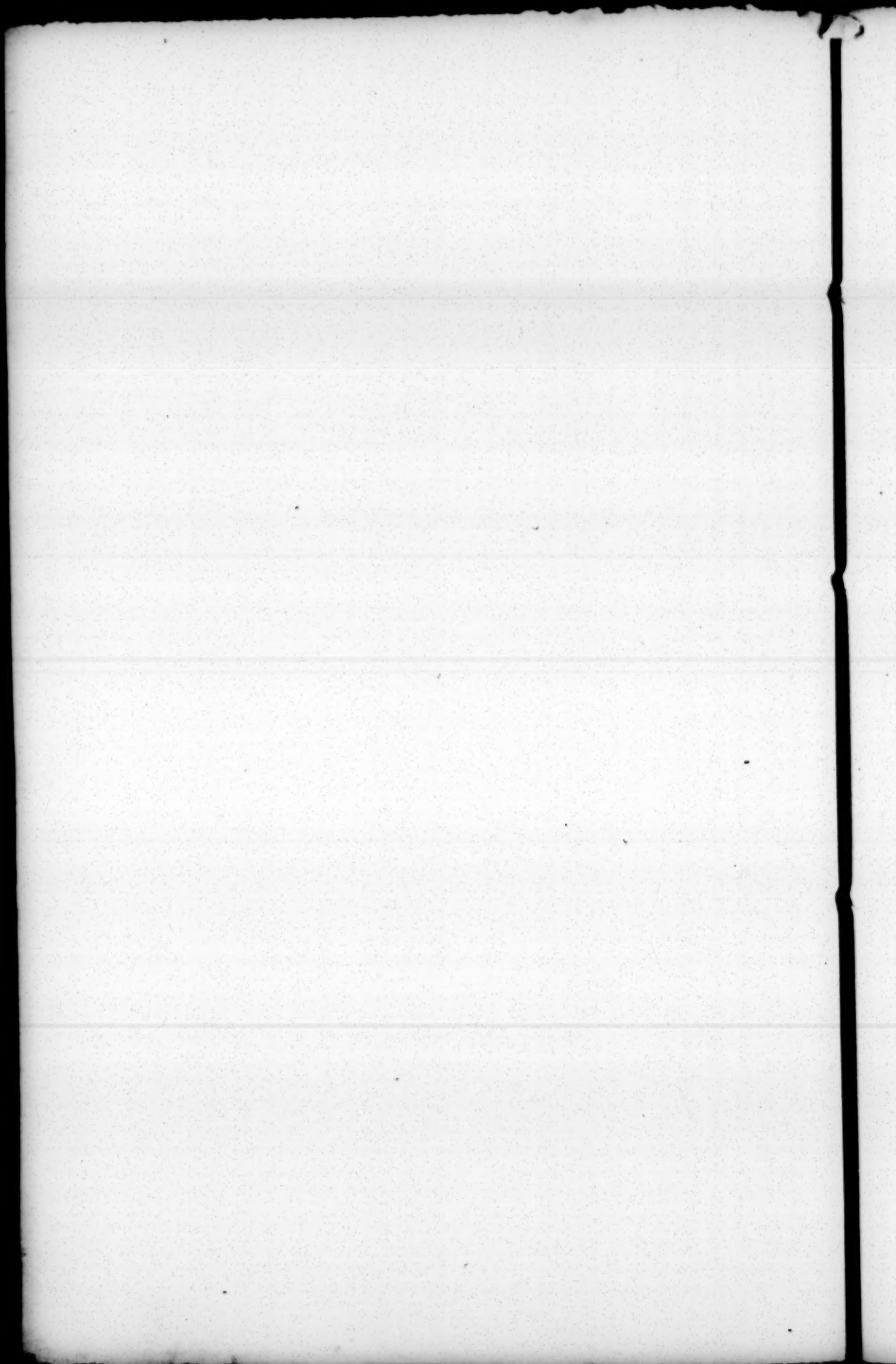
Thou, Man of Av’rice, boast thyself at rest!
 ’Tis true no fever flutters in thy breast;
 My touch has wander’d o’er thy hands, thy feet;
 There fav’ring *Nature* still expands her heat;

Not

Not so the FUNDS! though they, alas! are cold,
 Your Son may marry well, *nor asks* for gold.
 Then leaps thy heart with joy! 'tis thine to thrive
 Ev'n on a crust, (on little *thou* can'st live!)
 Content with harvest-gleanings.—Yet be Art
 Far hence! a settled dropfy Thine at heart.

Thou Man of Pleasure! now the slave of spleen,
 Fear, horror, and despair thy ghastly mien!
 Now o'er whose soul the flames of anger rise,
 Frowns on thy face, and vengeance in thine eyes;
 * Confess thy madness! strait with Av'rice go
 From Passion's sway to Bedlam, and Monro!

* Orig.———"dicisque, facisque quod ipse
 "Non fani esse hominis non fanus juret Orestes."



T H E

FOURTH SATIRE

I M I T A T E D.

SEEK'ST thou the Senate, Youth ? the Shade attend
 Of rigid ONSLOW, once a Nation's friend,
 Who press'd with conscious dignity the chair,
 Till age releas'd him from the patriot-care !
 But whence th' aspiring wish, *thrice-hallow'd head*,
 Enflam'd by Genius, yet by Prudence led !
 Thine (scarce the rising *down* proclaim'd thee Man)
 What should be publish'd, what conceal'd, to scan !
 And thine at violated rights to glow ;
 But when a People threatens the *factious* blow,
 I mark thy steady look, thy waving hand,
 While silent awe controls the fest'ring band !
 ' Retire, ye Crouds ! in Me, in Reason trust !
 ' Ye claim protection, where your cause is just.

‘ Seek not from breach of Law the Law’s redress ;
 ‘ Retire ; on riot never waits success.’
 At once thy charms, mild Eloquence, prevail ;
 No balance false, when Virtue holds the scale.

Sage ARCHIMEDES of the State, ’tis thine
 To wooe the right, and spurn the crooked line ;
 To mark the path, where *arguing* Folly strays,
 And turn repentant Guilt from Ruin’s ways.
 Not such the *Thing*, whose cheek the purple’s bloom,
 Whose skin soft velvet, and whose locks perfume ;
 In Hyde-Park air whose charms are Beauty’s theme ;
 When ruling Phœbus sheds a noon-tide beam,
 Early the ride till then ! whom Bark preserves
 From the limbs’ lassitude, and ricket-nerves,
 Whose sum of life, *my HARE*, is lux’ry’s treat,
 Meer Moon supply’d from *borrow’d* light, and heat :
 Hail, Soul of Fashion ! hail, Perfection’s mien !
 The World *who seeing* by the World *art seen* !

* What says the Fair ? for Hers the sager eye
 The worth of Senator and Beau to ’spy ;

* Orig. ————— “ *Esto !*
 “ *Dum nè deterius sapiat pannuncia Baucis,*
 “ *Quæ benè discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.*”

But

But not a word from HARE?—The *Courtier-slave*

Why *waste* his Rhet'ric, which a VOTE can save?

* Search thine own heart—how few will *there* descend!

'Tis thy best *Counsel*, 'tis thy gen'rous Friend:

Another's faults pervade thy cens'ring mind;

Let *Janus* lend an eye thine own to find.

Mark yon' Contractor! His the voice of Fate,
When TORIES sway, and His the prosp'rous State!

Hail, Banker, Courtier, Senator, whose pride

Is wealth, the tribute *sole* of Freedom's tide!

I know him well; an HARLEY gave to life;

I know him well; no Demagogue of strife;

With sons of Grandeur now at social ease;

Self-int'rest's bowl now draining to the lees;

Bronz'd to all Satire, from *North-Britons* free:

'Others' be Fortune's frowns! they reach not Me.

'Be Yours, ye rising Youths, a Nation's scorn;

'Feed on its wants; I for Myself am born!

'Smooth'd with thine oil, thou Ministerial cause,

'No Patriot vinegar *my* palate awes!'

Hear thou, Narcissus, Son of Fashion, hear!

One Truth a Friend would whisper in thine ear;

* "Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!

"Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo?"

I know

I know it bigotry, when such the times,
 To hint at manners, or to censure crimes ;
 Yet must not feel, reluctant to impart,
 A filthy secret brooding o'er my heart.
 Oh ! Fop, of accent smooth, as smooth of skin,
 Still may thy Country's love prevail within !
 Why sip the luscious sweets of Pleasure's bow'r ?
 —Beware the serpent of an idle hour.
 Full many a keen reflection lags behind ;
When loose vile Errors rooted in the mind ?
 When ? — *Moral* Farmers, YE can tell ; — allow,
 ‘ * The death of *Weeds* requires no partial Plough.’

Satire, though deem'd the humbler task of rhyme,
 A foe to sweetness, bane of the Sublime,
 Yet *where* the souls, whose errors *ne'er* provoke
 By turns, or deal by turns *thy* 'vengeful stroke ?
 Deep in thyself th' envenom'd mischief lies,
 Forc'd into light it glares before our eyes ;
 Statesman, thy Star, thy Trophies, Chief, display !
 Why court the mantling bowl, or begg'ring play !
 The tongue may vaunt, but actions point the Man :
 Enough ! in Vict'ry's field thy *laurel'd* plan ;

* Orig.—“ Non tamen in a filix ullo mansuecit aratro.”

To

To thee a Nation swells the trump of Fame !
 Why fetter GLORY with the bands of Shame ?
 AVARICE, stand forth ! renounce thy loaded chest !
 Pleasure, to virtuous joys resign the rest !
 Ne'er to the Judge's chair, Oppression, climb :
 * The Culprit pity, but avenge the Crime.

Such genuine worth unbounded rev'rence draws !
 From thousands reap the harvest of applause !
 Another † SMITH, fair Honor's path pursue !
 Mild, though undaunted, Father of his Crew !
 No Flatt'rer's wile the spotless Seer to greet ;
 Lo ! Youth, and Beauty rising from their seat !
 ‡ Search thy whole heart ; if arm'd in Virtue's weal,
 It makes, like SMITH's, a Palace—ev'n at DEAL.

* With concern I find myself obliged in this point to differ from the principles biasing a present *Ruler* of legal decisions.

† Admiral Smith, who closed the evening of his days at Deal—an honor to Manhood, to Christianity, and to his Country. The Sailors in the honest simplicity of liberal sentiment echo'd the voice of Public Gratitude by the homely, but *laurel'd* title of 'Tom of Ten Thousand.'

‡ Orig.—“*Tecum habita, et noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.*”

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THE
FIFTH SATIRE
IMITATED.

“**L**UNGS unexhausted!” whence th’enthusiaſt-call?
 ‘ Mouths, Voices, Tongues, with Echoes to
 ‘ them All?
 ‘ Hundreds at leaſt! for what the Tragic lore
 ‘ ’Reſt of Fires, Furies, and th’ *Heroic* roar?
 ‘ What the rich Epic, Honor’s iron-bed,
 ‘ But thunders, ſmoke, the dying, and the dead?

Frenzy! ſhall Bards, who tread the Vale of Rhime,
 Spread the bold wing, and ſoar to the Sublime?
 Can Babel-*languages* confuſion ſhun?
 • Offian’s Impoſtor *was content with one.*

* The opinion of Dr. Johnson relative to the deduction of Fingal and Offian’s Proſe Rhapsodies from the *Erſe*, as it is authoritatively pronounced, is juſtly aſcertained in the negative. *Voyage to Hebrid.*

Hence

Hence clouds, fogs, tempests from Poetic Land !
 Through ages, *Æschylus*, *thy* labors stand,
 Fair monument ; thy thanks a POTTER's claim !
 —Oh . point to Cumberland the paths of Fame !

Fill'd with a brighter beam from Milton caught
 Wilt *Thou*, and *Laughton* heave th' aspiring thought ?
 'Tis but the Raven's scream ! the clam'rous throat
 Of the * rude Horn to drown a SHENSTONE's note.
 Blow, burst your cheeks, ye Boreas-wights, to prove
 Constantia's truth, and Theodosius' love !
 To whistle bawdry from Adonis' tale,
 And mark thy genuine source, thou Papal *Veil*,
 Befits an English *Priest* ; belov'd Renown,
 Chuckle thy Poet, and revere the Gown !
 Or would ye trace the steps of *modish* Sin,
 Let Owen Carron the fond cave within
 Taste the *pure* rapt'rous joys ! well, if the feast,
 Unclaim'd the forfeit of HIS life, had ceas'd !
Earl Barnard's jealous eye ! the scene of strife
 Is *Barnard's* bliss ; a Widow, and a Wife.

* The late Mr. Shenstone's Ode on Rural Delicacy, addressed to the
 Duchess of Somerset, supplied the above idea.

“ Oh ! peace to yonder clam'rous Horn

“ That drowns the sacred Lyre ! ”

The conception is conveyed in the true spirit of pastoral elegance.

Peace

Peace to all such ! nor mine the pompous care,
 Of *Sound* the Numbers, and a Muse of *Air* ;
 A fume of words, an emptiness of thought
 Thy letter'd smiles, my GRANTA, never taught.
 For THEE a Muse (thrice-hail the soft control)
 Bares to full view each motion of my soul :
 Led by her lore I quit from earlier youth
 The lure of Fancy for the voice of Truth :
 Probe, deeply probe me ! nor the frown suspend,
 If seen the Flatt'rer, where thy search the Friend.

Oh ! for each tongue, *but Erse*, in GRANTA's praise !
 Record it, Hist'ry, consecrate, ye Bays !
 Scarce loud-proclaiming Gratitude can prove
 My zeal how fervent, and how deep my love ;
 A love, a zeal *mine* ever to impart ;
 No Lethe's wave shall wash them from my heart.

Sent from the bashful Nursery of School
 To mix with graver discipline the Fool,
 Eras'd the NAME, which BUTT'RY BOOKS confess'd,
 The scarlet-hooded MASTER thus address'd
 The *Lad* he lov'd——‘ a reas'ning Seer attend !
 ‘ The World a Landscape, and each Youth a Friend,
 ‘ Pluck ev'ry rose of Dissipation's bow'r ;
 ‘ Care-winged *Time* will urge the changeling hour ;
 ‘ Error

' Error still lurks, where laughs th' ingenuous mind,
 ' Entangling thorns, and wayward lab'rinth blind.
 ' Books form'd my converse, MAN my conduct plan'd;
 ' Instruction feat THEE with th' experienc'd band !

No self-deceit with reason still at strife,
 No folly wrest the golden *Rule of Life* !
 Thy voice, my Pilot, steers through PASSION's line;
 Thine own my voyage, and thy harbor mine.
 Hail ! Granta ! *not* for Youth the tempest's sway,
 Morn gave the studious, Eve the social day,
 Smiles, every face, and innocence each breast,
 Sweet were our labors, grateful was our rest;
 No foppery dress, no luxury the meal,
 Joy, all our talk, and laughter, all our zeal.

Ah ! why recur we to the scenes of Youth,
 When candor ev'ry heart, each tongue was truth ?
 Yet thou, * my MORRIT, thou whose Virtues blend
 The kind Associate with th' endearing Friend,

* "*Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles ;*

" *Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes ;*

" *Unum opus, ac requiem pariter disponimus ambo :*

" *Atque verecundâ laxamus seria mensâ,——Orig. vers. 41. to 44."*

The lines flow from the heart.

(And sure with *thine* the same *my* natal star)
 With whom I oft have wag'd the harmless war
 Of *Argument*, while Justice held the scales,
 Guide of the MORAL themes, or hum'rous tales,
 THOU *still* canst speak our faith, our love the same,
 In all avow'd Twin-brothers, but the name ;
 Bless'd with the pleasing relatives of life
 Enjoyment leaves us not a thought of strife :
 Foes of Ambition, as the Friends of Ease,
 On THAMES' fair bosom, or the banks of TEES.

In mental humors, as in Nature's face
 We various wills, and various uses trace ;
 As Fortune, Fancy, Genius lead, we run ;
 The slave of Wealth, beneath the burning Sun ;
 The slave of Taste to fair Italia's clime ;
 The slave of Tyranny to *waste* his prime
 In earth *intomb'd* ; gold, picture, diamond, spice
 Feed but the slaves of Vanity, and Vice.

His *silent* GRACE, when musing Pleasure's round,
 Slumbers till noon ; hark ! the Militia's sound
 Wakes *active* cares ! Sir Folly, Infant Tool,
 Climbs the tall Phaëton's tall side from school !

Earl

Earl Pigmy dup'd still shakes the noisy Die ;
 At Beauty's shrine innum'rous victims lie ;
 Purfes all *empty'd*, Bodies *full* of Gout :
 —Not *thus*, ye sturdy Sires, your Warrior-rout !
 No dull day murder'd ! GLORY's honest low'r
 Bids *ether* labors haste life's closing hour.

Pale o'er nocturnal studies *letter'd* Pride !
 Yet weigh, Dictator, such if well apply'd ;
 Stern Mathematics, *fix* maturer age
 On *moral* Reas'ning, on *Religion's* page !
 Pleas'd on HOPE's solid anchor here to rest
 Our Youth shall triumph, and our Years be blest'd.

Yet—may not Youth indulge a soft delay ?
 Too rugged for her path Religion's way ?
 What if a day we yield ! the morrow's light,
 How soon its glare a yesterday to fight !
 ' To-morrow, oh ! to-morrow ! ' 'tis an hour
 That rises, sets—the *present* in thy pow'r.
 Mark but the *wheels* ! mark on the *first* the *last*
 Still press ! their *limits* never to be pass'd ;
 On Genius' axjs rare the subtler turn :
 Youth boasts the *toil* of Age on JORTIN's urn *.

Dare

* ' Fairest fruits attract the flies ! ' This is the song of experience ; our
 late

Dare be Thyself ! true Freedom is thy own,
 To the rich pageantry of slaves unknown ;
 Th' Exchequer's Tally, and the Courtier-Place
 Ask *little* wisdom in ambition's race :
 Blind to all Truth, who Albion's pride can deem
 Sunk to a fripp'ry Statesman's *venal* dream !

From the *rude* North yon' Elder-born of Law !
 Want rock'd the cradle, and the bed was straw ;
 Int'rest his idol, Grandeur is his aim,
 Rolls volubly the period lost to shame ;
 For ' HE can talk,' dread Sov'reign, ' HE can talk !
 HE in a whirlwind to the SEALS would stalk ;
 Seize them, *my* Bloodhound ! THINE the aspect bland !
 To guard our Treasures THINE a Parent's hand !
 Hark ! Sawney speaks ! 'tis RIGHT, and cannot fail ;
 With rage so reddened, and with fears so pale,

late eminent and ingenious scholar has been pronounced an Arian by those, who probably knew not the meaning of the term. It is the sincere wish of the Editor, to do justice to a character, so intimately acquainted with, and so rationally inculcating the divine precepts of our established Religion, by recommending to those, who may esteem themselves competently informed, a *conviction* of this, and of Dr. Jortin's heterogeneous principles in general. Of one thing I remain perfectly assured ; that our learned Reasoner, and Preacher stood forth a *public* Advocate for ' Truth undefil'd,' at an *Æra* peculiarly profane, when himself had scarcely attained his twenty-fourth year.

E

SUITORS,

SUITORS, be calm; the chair if Sawney fill,
 Safe ev'ry Ward, and sacred ev'ry *Will*;
 No Guilt shall triumph, and no Worth be spurn'd:
 Thy Cap, oh! Freedom, to a Bonnet turn'd.

Hail! genial Freedom! shadow of a name,
 Unless enjoyment of our lives the claim; *
 Such, Independence, such I owe to Thee!
 Rattle thy Fetters, Noble! I am FREE!
 ' No!' from her Monument MACAULAY cries,
 And with a leer *her* chap-lain WILSON eyes:
 ' No, Son of HOBBS! meer Vinegar, thy Wine!
 ' Freedom, Democracy, *alone* is THINE;
 ' Sister of Liberty, when leagu'd with toil:
 ' Reas'ner of Milk, not such *thy* MENTAL soil!
 ' See! Hist'ry's Queen my patriot Virtue springs,
 ' In vengeance arm'd on Bishops, Peers, and Kings,
 ' My Will adopted what my Freedom taught;
 ' Spoke all I felt, and spoke but what it ought:
 ' WILSON, ev'n now I riot uncontrol'd!—
 Turn not, MACAULAY, to an *arrant* Scold!
 Oh! smooth those furrows, and uncurl thy nose!
 While, what thou art, a Son of Freedom shows *.

* Orig.—“Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.”

I ask Thee not, when HARRINGTON inspires,
And puny LUDLOW fans thy partial fires,
For *Woman's* cares to quit the *Writer's* strife;
And urge the prudent housewifery of life.
Skill'd is my Minstrel in the tuneful Song,
But music charms not, where the voice is—Wrong;
Hark; Reason whispers! MONARCHS *why* disclaim,
Yet grace * thy MANSION with a Monarch's name?

Ask of the World! 'tis Nature's genuine law,
That pedant Ign'rance with a decent awe
† Fly from the *stranger* task; if NORTH repair
To play the *Surgeon* from the Treasury-chair,
And leave unclos'd the fest'ring wounds of State,
To mount the *full-man'd* Ship a Surgeon's Mate,
Well might'st thou praise disinterested zeal,
Yet for his Country wish, HE *most* could feel!
What if yon' TAR, whose boast the *laurel'd* fight,
Assume th' Historian's task, the Poet's flight,

* Alfred-House, Bath; if a Garden thereto, why not Cromwell's Garden?

‘What Folly has to give, WHERE Flattery gains,

‘And *Friend* Macaulay fucks *Friend* Wilson's brains.”

‡ I read verses 98 and 99 of the Original

“Publica lex Hominum, Natura continet hoc fas,

“Ut *renuat* vetitos infcitia debilis actus.

Instead of ‘*teneat*’ which is too close a neighbour to ‘*continet*.’

Himself the theme ! strict Orders his imploy,
Three Words for Fame suffice—SINK, BURN, DESTROY.
 WALTON the trophy of a *Margin* raise !
 And FALCONER's be the *Tome* of naval praise !

To bend, as Reason prompts, at Virtue's shrine,
 To mark, where Truth's eternal treasures shine,
 Vile Art array'd in Wisdom's garb behold,
 And point the sullen brass from sterling gold,
 Each deed of darkness, as of light to view,
 To fly with horror, or with joy pursue,
 Bless'd with each object of the heart's desire
 To wake for shiv'ring want the genial fire,
 Cheerful as * WILBRAHAM with a World thy friend,
 Save without meanness, without pride expend,
 Rich in Content, nor prostrate at the Throne,
 To lick the dust for HONORS, not thine own :
 Such thy fix'd plan ! thy head o'er Courtiers rear,
 Nor chew *th' infectious* spittle of a Peer.
 Yes ! I the claim avow ! each Virtue glows ;
 Her seat an honest soul, where Freedom blows
 Fast by calm Wisdom's flow'r ; Earth, Heav'n approve !
 Let Wretches wallow in a Sov'reign's love.

* This tribute of applause is devoted to Mr. Wilbraham Bootle ; a name
 sacred to good-nature, and good principle.

But

But what art Thou ? enslav'd to Guilt's control
 Still the old leaven ferments in thy soul ;
 * Though *Madan's* smooth simplicity of face
 Be Thine, or low'ring *Berridge's* grimace,
 Though *Huntingdon*——I'll strip thee to the skin ;
 Probe to the *Core*, and point the Fox within :
 Thy Queen, Hypocrisy !—here take the chain !
 And whine, and sigh with frenzy, and *Romaine*.

With gifts profuse thy front has Reason stor'd,
 Thou Fool of Folly, and thou Rabble's Lord ?
 Ev'n at a Nod they feel thy tyrant-sway ;
 Wave but a hand, *Fanatic*, they obey,
 Robb'd of the little, Nature gave, of Sense ;
 Thy periods teem with sweetest *Frankincense* ;
 For Thine the *Papal* cloak of tatter'd Zeal,
 (The Truth, ye future *LAVINGTONS*, reveal)
 To wrest plain meanings, and the worst approve ;
 Ev'n as in life, the crooked paths to rove,
 Wrap'd in the Pulpit, now a *venal* stage
 For Tragi-comedy's fantastic rage ;
 Of Horrors, Goblins, Dreams the *tales* to swell ;
 And 'glance from Hell to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Hell ;'

* Orig. ————— " Fronte politus

" Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulgum.

In Thee, not Scripture, bid an audience trust,
Pride, thy Devotion, and thy Frolic, Lust.

Yet Freedom is thy boast ! thou Passion's Fool !
Once more, vain Priestcraft, Logic be thy School !
Ah ! why thyself a Slave, the Tyrant play !
Silōam's Pool—go wash each stain away !
What if pure Reason cry, ' fond Trifler, cease !'
'Tis genuine Slavery hushes thee to Peace ;
Let Slander echo from her myriad tongues,
My nerves still vibrate, and still toil my lungs ;
Still will I act DEVOTION's happier part ;
To Her resign each movement of my heart :
* Hence, *Jesuit*, to lov'd Rome ! there CLEMENT see ;
No Scourge, Want, Death—confess *one* Pontiff free.

Far

* The Pope of Candor, (if Candor ever subsisted in a Pope) Ganganelli, who took the name of Clement XIV. from gratitude to his predecessor-patron. Whatever favorable opinion may be justly formed of the Man, I must confess, that no unreasonable doubts may be made as to the genuineness of the Letters, *published* certainly without his authority : These, if they have a *fault*, abound rather too much with the odor of sanctity. To the character of Ganganelli every quality will be allow'd, adorning human conduct, every disinterested principle even to excess ; but it is plain from his no unwilling acceptance of the triple Crown in times, which required for the emolument of the Roman church, that such a Pontiff should be placed in the Chair, where others had been unable to

' Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm,'

Far less the Man of boundless Av'rice ; ' rise !'

I cannot ; ' great th' emergency, She cries.'

I will not ; what have I with * *Larks* to do ?

' Ask'st Thou ? the paths of Billingsgate pursue—

It is plain, that he *then* possessed (shall I term it ?) *the merit* of Ambition, to which he appears to have been very nearly a stranger. Upon the offer of a Cardinal's Cap. But the Letters, it has been above surmised, are not genuine ; the Marquis of Caraccioli indeed produces a letter under the signature of Ganganelli in a preface to the publications themselves, which letter is a direct allusion to their authenticity. Let the Reader determine 'à son grès !' I have only to add, that Ganganelli being *to appearance* delirious, that the Letters intimated, *whatever they may be*, might not see *the light*, it was an ill-timed officiousness in the Marquis of Caraccioli to assert in a *contrary* resolution. This Gentleman moreover avails himself of the sentiment, with which he treats us from the Author of the 'Journal des Sciences, & des beaux Arts' who asserts, in the language of the English Translation, 'That if the world acknowledge *three* of the Letters,' as the production of Clement XIV. the whole collection must be genuine ; ' for the same soul, and the same genius have dictated the whole.' The Journalist *then* favors us with a plausible, though, it may seem, no conclusive foundation for *this* construction. The particular mold in which the *supposed* compositions of our Friar-Pope are cast is without difficulty imitated ; their principal value is estimable from that philanthropy, softened to a polish of manners, from that knowledge communicated with elegant facility, and from that equality of temper, expressing a zeal to oblige, with a reluctance to persecute, which pervaded Ganganelli's disposition. But if the book be construed an imposture, the representation of these manners was indispensable to its success. A Falshood *must* support the appearance of Truth, or its immediate detection will ensue. I would be understood to speak this of the publication, not of the Man.

* ' The Lark's shrill carol wakes the Morn,' so rung the bail'd, by which, not improbably, our slumbering Man of fashion might find, it being too frequently roar'd out by the zealous songster, his nerves so affected over-night, that he still less, than usual, reconcil'd a desertion of his pillow.

' *There* buy another's Fish, and sell Thyself ;
 ' LONDON affords each *slipp'ry* task of Pelf.
 ' Thine, either India, till with Wealth thou burst !'
 Is this the way to check the Camel's thirst ?
 ' A true Chinese, for gain rank * Perjury swear ;
 ' Yet Heav'n avenges, and a God will hear :
 ' Ah ! what is Virtue, if ally'd to Need ?'
 Go then, and careless of a God succeed !

Lo ! all-compleat with baggage, food, and slave,
 The *Merchant* vessel pants to stem the wave ;

* The Editor means to vouch for a flagrant example of Perjury. A *Sbarper* from Wales, privileg'd, unhappily for society, to prostitute in London the business of Attorney, to which he is a foul disgrace, (1) *swore* with wanton partiality (it were to be wished, that *this* were the only instance of such conduct in the wretch alluded to) what he knew in his heart (if he has one) to be false. He boasts himself a member of the Welsh Community ; but alas ! his avowed knavery, and insolent flagrancy of conduct intitle him to no favor, and no *rank* even amongst his countrymen, too *prudently* honest, however warm, ' to cherish a Viper in their bosoms.' Ask *one*, not a *Puisné* of the King's Bench, ask the other Courts of Law and Equity

Quis nescit perjuriam Caii ?

Ask them, whether they are justified to the Public, by *licensing* the continuance of a Pest to injure Society, and insult themselves ; by tolerating such Professors, they *create* a scandal on the Profession.

(1) Of this Perjury he was guilty in the year 1770. He has since been called by the characteristic title of ' PERJURY BLOODSHED'—the latter name being appropriated in reference to his Oath, which alledged, that a Gentleman, altogether innocent of the charge, had threatened violence to a *man*, whose bosom is the seat of insolence, knavery, and ingratitude.

What

What Zephyr now forbids *th'* enriching West !

Th' ATLANTIC !——no !——Ye Statesmen, speak the rest !

Weigh Anchor, weigh !——soft LUX'RY with a smile
Deals, AV'RICE, in thy ear the Siren-wile.

' Oh ! proud of soul to tempt the madden'd main !

' Whence springs this throbbing fever of the brain !

' Less *yellow* thy lov'd gold ; what bile o'erflows !

' Mental disease, no cure an * ARMSTRONG knows ;

' Where lurks the *Cause*, WHOSE skill, WHOSE study spy,

' And streams of interested Physic fly.

' Of Friends regardless wilt thou quit the shore ?

' True Friendship *ever* dies with thirst of Ore !

' Self-love shall plead ; yon *Seat* of hempen Cord

' Take, much thou need'st, thou Admiralty's LORD !

' Yours the *salt* meal, ye buzzards of the State !

' —Yet hard, Advent'ner, is the Scaman's fate ;

' With pitch his nostrils, and his palate fed

' With wines so crabbed, and such *iron* bread ;

* Dr. Armstrong receives in this passage an attention due to *skill* in the profession, which I had almost termed *intuition*. With respect more immediately to the cure of disorders abounding in the infantile state, Society will patronize the justice of the compliment. May I (I will, with cheerfulness) confirm it from the feelings of a Father, and the gratitude of a Man ? If Prejudice and Calumny sound the trumpet of Censure, a single intimation of the INFANT POOR will tend effectually to their silence ; should my own favorable expressions be by *any* cavalier placed on the side of flattery, the answer is readily adopted from a poet of sensibility,

“ Thou speak'st to me, who never had'st a Child.”

' Hard

- ‘ Hard fare ! no censure on CONTRACTORS spring !
- ‘ Hard life !—of *Greenwich* rest, Oh ! BRITAIN’s King !
- ‘ Return ! and Pleasure lead Thee to Content !
- ‘ —Some Jew will get Thee Int’reſt—cent. per cent.
- ‘ For Thee will Lux’ry deck her fairy bow’r ;
- ‘ There taſte the ſweets of Day’s ſerener hour ;
- ‘ Death marks his prize, and dooms Thee to the duſt :
- ‘ Care bubbie OTHERS ! be *myſelf* thy truſt !’

Reſolve, which Tyrant claims his Vaſſal-Fool ;
 Shall Lux’ry charm Thee, or ſhall Av’rice rule ?
 Alike in turn their arbitrary ſway :

What Av’rice hoarded, is but Lux’ry’s prey.
 Oh ! inſolence of thought ! when ſuch the *reign*,
 Is it *thy* vaunt to burſt the ſolid chain ?

* Thou *ſtruggling* Cur, to burſt it be thy pride !
 Not ev’n thy Collar *loſt* the *Slave* can hide.

Slave to a Woman’s love, I hear thee cry,
 Thyſelf and *Nails* well-bitten—‘ No—not I ;
 ‘ Believe me, each fond *anguish* now is paſſ’d ;
 ‘ Dupe to a Miſtreſs ?—I have felt *the laſt* ;
 ‘ Shame to my kindred ! hence the turtle-moans,
 ‘ Grave as the Pilgrim’s pour’d to Becket’s bones !

* Orig.—“ Sic luſcata canis nodum abripit : heus ! tamen iſti,
 “ Quum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.”

‘ No more I waste time, honor, and estate,
 ‘ Nor *pipe*, a famish’d *Scot*, at Plenty’s gate
 ‘ For what ANOTHER wrefts, and mocks my care :
 ‘ Why “ tune I darkling” Ballads of Despair ?’

Bravely resolv’d ;—SHE theme of thy desire ?
 Throw Letters, Rhimes, HERSELF into the fire.
 ‘ Yet she will weep abandon’d, and forlorn.’
 Still trifling ? be as HERS, the public scorn.
 What, Coward, gnaw thy chain ? MY Sorrow’s zeal,
 Take it, cries DORIS, from my Slipper’s heel ;
 These airs of violence !—poor Fool, be calm :
 SHE gives the blow, thy Folly yields the balm.

‘ But if she comes’ (meer hypocritic wile !)
 ‘ Spontaneous comes with ONE repenting smile,
 ‘ Can I refuse ?’—oh ! LOVE, frail Manhood’s curie !
 Disease is Mis’ry, but Relapse is worse :
 Resistance is the Cure, and Freedom Thine ;
 Hence !——and a *Chain* though wrought in *Gold* resign !

See ! where Ambition, Rattles all her joy,
 * Each tinsel treasure, each fantastic Toy

- * Orig.——“ Vigila, et ciceringere largè
 “ Rixanti populo, NOSTRA ut Floralia possint
 “ Aprici meminisse senes ; quid pulchrius ?——
 “ Herodis venere dies.

Spreads to the Day's broad glare, and points the NEWS,
 By turns to flatter, and by turns abuse
 THREE injur'd, beggar'd Realms; the *laurel'd* FEAST,
 Sunk to a *bloody Fast*, for years has ceas'd.

Hail! *beav'n-born* SENATORS, your Sessions spun,
 Be yours to bask in Leisure, and the Sun!
 The Age of Gold returns! no Subjects fret,
 * State-Clemency; thy toil a *pure* Gazette.
 To Rulers Candor must her praise allow,
 Theirs ease of heart, serenity of brow!
 No Cloud disturbs us; consecrated Rows,
 Each new-born CAMP with vernal BEAUTY blows;
 Beauty, thou willing Soldier's *martial* Law!
 —Why for those *polish'd* limbs the bed of straw?
 At Inns *ere Noon* to breakfast, and to dine
Ere Ev'ning, and to dance *ere Morning* THINE,
 † If such thy KEPPELL's Will, nor There in vain
 Those Lips can sue, which ev'ry heart must gain.
 Hours without frolic, Sabbaths without card;
 Muskets to *handle*, and relieve the Guard,

* Orig. ————— “*unctaque fenestra*
 “*Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ.*

Orig.—*Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles:*
 “*Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto.*

Why 'gainst thy favor'd *France* this adverse Trade?
 Indulgence *well* her PRIESTS our Friends has made;
 Ah! why *those Arms* in mimic Battle greet
 Th' unfav'ry Sons of Garlick, and Deceit?

* Too serious Jest! the MINISTER derides,
 SUCH if there be!—***** with incumber'd sides
 Heaves to his † STEUART's Tale; *then* hints, 'tis fit,
 WE have the Pow'r; let ‡ Poets have the Wit!

* Orig.—“Dixeris hæc inter varicosos Centuriones,
 “Continuò crassum ridet Vulpenius ingens;
 “(1) Et centum Graios curto centuile licebit.”

† ‘The Man who wants wisdom, and holds principles incompatible with
 ‘freedom.’ *Earl of Chatham's Speech.*

‡ Poets, however degraded, or undervalued by affectation, are real Painters;
 I mean not an hint, that any *Academy* should be instituted to the encourage-
 ment of poetical exertions, but sincerely wish, for the honor of rational
 merit, that my Brethren of the Quill were *proportionally* regarded with practi-
 tioners of the Sister-Art.

(1) *Perfius* in the closing line is bias'd by a turn upon words; a species of
 false wit, more excusable, when familiarly to be transfer'd from one language,
 to another; and on that construction admissible, as *elegant* in Satirists, who
 too usually indulge more impertinent frolics, in which *Reason* evaporates
 into *Sound*.

T H E
S I X T H S A T I R E
I M I T A T E D.

STERN Winter's frowns the social Hearth inspire
 To rural joys, thou Fav'rite of the Lyre ;
 Th' *auspicious* SEASON wakes the *festal* Throng,
 Mirth, Humor, Peace, the Poet and the Song.
 Sublimar themes may grace the MORAL strain,
 Trace Nature's GOD from Nature's wond'rous reign ;
 Pluck, CHRISTIAN BARD, from *pure* RELIGION's dome
 Truth's fairest wreath deny'd to GREECE and ROME !
 The Jest of Ease for harmless Youth prepare :
 Bid placid Age unknit the brow of Care.

MINE are the genial sweets of HAMPSHIRE's coast ;
 Winter more mild no happier regions boast,

While

* While shelt'ring rocks each headlong billow brave,
 The FOREST *bends* to kiss the passing Wave.
 † Hail! from the storms of Life Retirement's Port!
 Where hold the NINE their philosophic Court;
 Their Milton's see *transfus'd* from Homer's worth;
 And spurn the Peacock-plumes of WEALTH, and BIRTH.

COLD in remoter fields destroy the GAME!
Forestall'd PROVISIONS Heav'n-crown'd Plenty shame!
 Superior Treasure cheer my Neighbor's hour!
 ‡ Not MINE a hint, whence sprang the Son of *Pow'r*.

ENVY, sink OTHERS in the vale of Years!
 Thy steaming Feasts, thy Cluster's luscious Tears,
 Pert LUXURY, for ME no charms dispense,
 Whose wish is Health, whose meal is Competence,

* The Original is Horatian delicacy:

“————— Quà latus ingens

“Dant scopuli, et multâ littus se valle receptat.”

† A view of expanded Ocean is the favorite of philosophic reflection, nor less of poetic fancy; it may be term'd the Region of Ideas, as most strongly impressing reason. Such is the origin of the compliment above! and whosoever indulges a preference to mercenary views over objects of refin'd Contemplation may be pity'd amidst the smiles of Fortune.

‡ Orig. “————— adeo omnes

“Ditescant orti pejoribus! usque recusem

“Curvus ob id minui.”

‘Retirement,

‘ Retirement ! ’twas not made for human Race ;
 What TWINS alike in person, mind, and face ?
 Sir Lowther *rous’d* by many a *lucky* Cheat,
 Himself would cook the *vegetable* treat ;
 To *Sour-craut* turn’d the *Cabbage’s* remains ;
 An half-pric’d Jar the meagre food contains ;
Nor oft the well-gnaw’d bone of *Flesh*, of *Fish* ;
 His own black fingers scrape the dirty Dish.
 The Son, to Vice e’er myriad acres sold,
 From its OLD prison frees *th’ incumb’ring* gold.
 ’Tis Yours ; abuse, or use it as you will !
 Plain Fare my pride, plain Candor all my skill ;
 Plain Virtue, with no fair * *Parisian* blest’d,
 Who *Turky-Capons* dares proclaim the best.
 † Let Prudence teach contentment with our own ;
 Reap We no harvest by another sown :
 A Grain who hoard not, nor *the last* who spend,
 Life’s Rapture feel the Succor of a FRIEND.

Thanks to our lot ! we tread not savage Earth,
 Humanity’s the Child of ENGLISH birth !

* Orig.——“*tenuem solis turdorum nōsse salivam.*”

† Orig.——“*Messe tenēs propriā vive !*”

Though, vain their honest toil, their prudence vain,
 Fair Industry lament her beggar'd train ;
 Though shatter'd Warriors mourn the Battle's din,
 Ruin without, while Conscience smiles within ;
 Yon' hapless Wreck though warring waves deride,
 No *Cinque-Port* Cormorant its spoils divide,
 And rob a *Master's* claim ; some struggling Youth
 Saves the fond pictur'd form of Virgin-Truth ;
 * His Anna, and Himself, Palæmon saves ;
 Who wrests *the prize*, and hurls him to the waves,
 Should DYE—*Manerial* Lords, forbear the strife ;
 Heav'n's, who the Suff'ring sends, the Suff'rer's life !
 'Tis MAN's o'er Others' woe the tear to shed ;
 Give, but not seize : *thus* Honors on the Dead
 True Honors ever wait—what boots thine Heir ?
 Suffice it, that his boon, a Father's care.

Is it thy wish, that rang'd amid the Great
 Th' unconscious Carcase wrap'd in *horrid STATE*
 Should boast an aukward Monument of woe,
 While mimic Strains those darling Virtues show

* The Poem of the Shipwreck, published under the signature of Mr William Falconer, describes with true classical spirit the utmost scene of distress in an Episode drawn from real life under the characters above mentioned.

Ne'er by thy Soul possess'd? from Reason's school
His Lore, *who* argues with an upstart Fool?

Happy thyself, why seek another's pain?
Times are there, when Philosophy is vain;
Smugglers of Law may ply their stubborn zeal;
Early I learn'd the blessed task to feel;
Let MODERN TENANTRY the Lesson court,
To grind the Poor would cease the savage sport.

* Yet, ere descending to the shades of Death,
This to my Heir the Censure's honest breath;
Tell Me an heart, which best the MAN may prove!
'Tis not the selfish, but the social Love:
Still the full ardor of each wish renew,
To Friend, to Kindred, to thy Country due.

The ready Champion seeks the Battle's toil,
Far from the peaceful hearth, the native foil;
Entrenchments, Ambuscados, Death defies;
And bears to GRANTA's arms the victor-prize
Of Standard, Colors; never YET display'd
The Debt of Glory in a RANSOM pay'd.

* Orig. ——— " Tu, meus hæres,

" Quisquis eris. ——— eum à turbâ seductor audi.

Ev'n *now*, false Gaul, avow the vengeance just !
 Springs the bold Tar, an Island's happier trust ;
 I love his zeal ;——a Jekyll might profess
 This other *sinking-Fund* by will to bless !
 Perhaps the Loan at humbler INT'REST made
 Some * WILSON furnish for the *fighting Trade* !

But are there NONE ? no Nephew, Niece thy care ;
 No honest heart thy treasur'd Gifts to share ?
 Not one——yet Gold an *upward* stream may flow ;
 Sires, † Aunts, and Grandames !——bury'd *long ago*.
 No matter whom, *some* Heir thy fortune greet !
 Let RIGBY drink it, or yon' Prelate eat ;
 Birth, Rank, and Kindred of whate'er *degree*,
 But Bedford's party !——what is such to Me ?
 Few Sons of Earth, though Grandeur, Wealth, their lot,
 But range for Sires the Hovel, or the Cot ;
 No more ! fair Reason the *Devize* bemoans
 To Sots incorp'rate, and collegiate Drones.

Hence, *my* impatient ! what though dim the blaze !
 Why would'st thou quench the candle of my days ?

* A Gentleman lately deceas'd, who bequeath'd a very considerable sum for the purpose of furnishing smaller loans at moderate interest to persons of character, newly engaging in trades of retail.

† Orig.——“ Patruī sterilis matertera vixit ;
 “ Deque aviā nihilum superest.”

Or

Or why for ever, like yon' Niggard old,
 Windsorian Picture, must I pore on Gold?
 Thine, ALL the rich inheritance I leave,
 No venal murmur!—but with thanks receive.
 —Strange diminution! and is THIS the whole?
 Take! may it prove a blessing to thy soul!
 —*HERE *was* a Legacy! a Windfall THERE!
 Sunk, gone! The Dotard's Housemaid robs his Heir.

Evading Right, with Us'RY *scarce* content,
 Let HOPKINS gape for *two-pence* more per cent.
 Hence, Child of Av'rice! or by Lux'ry stor'd
 Shall swell my Cellars, and shall laugh my Board;
 No *Bacon's* leathern rust my stomach cram!
 At once, Westphalia, load the flavor'd Ham!
 No Nettle yield me Broth! Thou, Gallia, send
 Each fav'rite Soup! thy lavish Cooks attend!
 Starve! and for whom?—that *Thou* at Operas plac'd
 May'st guide without an Ear the tuneful taste?
 KENT thy *soft* pattern—KENT, the fop, the vain;
 Talk loudest when *Sestini* trills the strain,
 And blushing to avow the *parent-Cit*
 Smile without Manners, trifle without Wit!

• Orig.—“ Ubi sit, fuge quærere, quod mihi quondam
 “ Legârat Tadius.”

Leave Ease, leave Comfort for the charms of Pelf!
 To Profit sell thy Toys, thy Wares, THYSELF!
 To other worlds on wings of Ocean fly!
 Thy freight the product of each distant sky;
 The human *Slave*, oh! Brute, thy monster-Will,
Whom, but that Int'rest guards him, thou would'st kill.

Sage BANKS, whate'er his toils, whose mind at peace,
 Rich Knowledge treasures without Wealth's increase;
 Lean Av'rice never cloy; th' unbounded store
 Swells a sure prelude of the wish for more.
 Tens, Hundreds, Thousands! still the heaps ascend;
 Nor here, Arithmetic, thy figures end;
 Vain, Deist-*Williams*, thy *abridging* Care,
 Whose frenzy mangles ev'n the *Form* of Pray'r!
 * Vain, roaring *Harrison*, thy vocal stream,
 Though Hours intrance Thee in the Pulpit's dream!

* Orig. ———— "depunge, ubi sistam,
 "Inventus, Chrysis, tui finitor, acervi."

